Seeing the Signs

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My Sweet Boi Shinsou, Goodgoodfic, my personal stash of good bnha shit, Fics I Reread for Serotonin, Very Chewy Fanfiction (/

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Seeing the Signs

by Unicornfairycat

Summary

Bakugou Katsuki doesn't need friends. Shinsou Hitoshi doesn't want friends. Yet here they are. If you ask them how they got here, they'd blame each other. Everyone knows though that it always takes two.
This is the story of an angry, loud hero student and a sleep-deprived, sarcastic general education student forming an unlikely friendship which slowly turns into something more.

It all starts when Bakugou Katsuki learns that Shinsou Hitoshi knows sign language.

Notes

I kinda fell in love with them, thanks to all the wonderful Art and Animations by TheEggoMan!
Definitely check them out, if you don't already know them!

Chapter 1

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

"Would the two of you stop talking during class!" Aizawa was tired and annoyed as he scolded them for disrupting his train of thought, again. "You're not as slick as you think you are."

Their classmates turned to look at the two in question. It had been silent, everyone was doing their work or participating when needed. Neither Bakugou or Shinsou had actually spoken a word, yet Aizawa stared right at them.

Shinsou nodded faintly before resting his head on his right hand, eyes catching Bakugou's, who looked over his shoulder, smirking before turning around. His hands hanging off the back of his chair leisurely, started moving in a distinct motion, flipping Shinsou off.

The second Aizawa turned back to the board, scribbling down some notes, Bakugou used his chance to turn his head ever so slightly, catching Shinsou's annoyed expression and a very distinct, *fuck you,* signed at him.

He grinned, thriving off of mutually riling each other up. A last glance at Aizawa, making sure he was busy before he signed, smirk now holding a challenge.

Do it yourself, you coward

Shinsou was hard to fluster, he was cocky and snarky, very sarcastic and a master at keeping a straight face. Bakugou liked a challenge and would never back down from one. Today, he challenged himself to make Shinsou blush. He only did it once and it was by accident, but Shinsou looked good when red in the face, so he wanted to see it again.

Speaking of Shinsou, the boy had a tiny tint to his cheeks but not a full blush as he aggressively signed at him.

Okay. Eight p.m. my room.

Bakugou blinked, not expecting this response, he felt his cheeks heat at Shinsou's smug expression. Before Bakugou could say anything, he heard a loud screeching sound coming from the front of the class. Everyone gasped in agony at the noise, all looking back up again simultaneously. Aizawa was watching Bakugou and Shinsou, an aggravated expression on his face, nails on the board.

"Mind sharing your thoughts with the rest of the class, Bakugou, Shinsou?" He asked, annoyance seeping into his voice. Shinsou had the audacity to motion to Bakugou, leaning back in his chair smugly.

"Sure, Bakugou do you mind?" He grinned triumphantly and Bakugou felt his cheeks heat, a little embarrassed at being caught and called out as well as angry at Shinsou, for throwing him under the bus like this.

Aizawa, as well as all of their classmates were staring at them, going back and forth between the two, clearly expecting some explanation. "Fuck you, mind fuck. There's nothing to share, we didn't say anything." He growled, fixing Shinsou with a murderous look.

Aizawa sighed exasperated already. "Clearly not out loud. Don't think I don't recognise when you two sign to each other. Just because the two of you know sign language, doesn't mean you can freely talk during class. Detention for both of you. Do I see another hand motion from one of you, you're both suspended for the rest of the day."

Bakugou and Shinsou nodded in tandem, ignoring the questioning stares of their classmates.

No one really knew when Bakugou and Shinsou had become friends, but by the time Shinsou was transferred to class A, the two were already on good terms, apparently. The second Shinsou entered the classroom on their first day of their second year, fashionably late, Bakugou spared him one glance before snorting out a "Fucking finally,

took you long enough, Mindfuck!" and going back through his notebook.

Shinsou only rolled his eyes at Bakugou, before doing something absolutely suicidal in everyone else's eyes, and flicking his forhead lightly, on his way to the empty desk behind Midoriya.

Everyone waited for Bakugou to explode and kill Shinsou on his first day of class but nothing of the sort happened. All he did was growl something at the other, before flipping him off aggressively, earning a smirk from Shinsou in return.

To say, people stared at Shinsou and Bakugou was an understatement. Kaminari practically jumped up, finger pointing at Bakugou accusingly, yelling, "You would've killed me, if I did that!" Bakugou flipped Kaminari off, too.

"Fuck off, dunce face! Don't make me come over there." he threatened and Kaminari, bless him, only defiantly shook his head, but sat down anyway, muttering under his breath, before turning to Shinsou.

"Dude, you gotta tell me how you did that!" he smiled brightly at him and Shinsou had a feeling he had made a grave mistake, as the rest of the self proclaimed Bakusquad practically jumped him with questions. His only saving grace was Aizawa who dismantled the students with a small grunt, starting Shinsou's introduction and beginning their first day of their second year at U. A.

If asked, Bakugou would blame Shinsou for their weird solidarity turned friendship. After all, it was his fault, they had started talking to begin with, albeit rarely and mostly in insults.

Six months into their first year at U. A., they had a small fair for the third and fourth graders of the surrounding schools. The students were asked to introduce their class and help walk small groups of kids around the perimeter.

Bakugou settled for the least amount of interaction by signing himself up for the group who would introduce their class at a small booth. His classmates practically begged him to stay in a seat in the background, so he wouldn't scare any of the children. He was a bit offended by

their reasoning, but either way, it was probably better than actually interacting with walking headaches, so he obliged.

Next to their booth was the support course, opposite them was Class 1-B and the General Education course. Bakugou had a good spot and watched boredly as his classmates entertained the seven and eight year old kids.

He got stuck on a small group of kids who were standing at the Class 1-B booth, opposite theirs. A small girl, with brown hair tied in two pigtails and a dark green dress was shuffling awkwardly around, squinting her eyes every once in a while. He watched as two of Class 1-B's female students explained something to the kids, who were accompanied by some of the older hero course students.

He raised his brows in confusion, trying to figure out what made the small girl in green so uncomfortable before he noticed something. Deciding he'd had enough of watching the scene, he got up from his spot in the back, walking over to the 1-B booth.

He ignored the indignant sounds coming from his own classmates, who were running their booth, calling out to him, before Bakugou came to a stop in front of the group of kids.

Ignoring Kendo's surprised yelp, he pushed himself in front of the small girl, who stared wide-eyed at him.

Without thinking, he crouched down on eye level with the girl, before tugging his hands out of his pockets and signing to her.

You can't hear them.

The girl's eyes got wide in recognition before she let go of her dress, nodding and signing back to him.

-My aids stopped working.-

Bakugou nodded, before turning his head over his shoulder. “She can’t hear what you’re saying. Didn’t you realise? She’s wearing hearing aids.” Bakugou addressed Kendo and Setsuna, who had stopped talking ever since he arrived and watched him warily.

Kendo blinked before suddenly waving her hands apologetically. “I’m so sorry, I didn’t realise.”

Bakugou turned back to the girl, holding out his hands and asking for her hearing aids. She took them out and handed them to him. He inspected them, taking the batteries out and putting them back in, sometimes that was all it needed.

The girl put them back into her ears and Bakugou signed while simultaneously asking out loud “Can you hear me?” She shook her head and before Bakugou could get up to search for his own spare batteries, someone was already crouching down next to him.

He looked at the person, confused as to who would approach them, when he met eyes with Shinsou Hitoshi, from General Education.

The other barely blinked at him, before holding out a small hearing aid battery package. Bakugou took it without saying a word and the girl automatically handed him her hearing aids again. While Bakugou switched the batteries, Shinsou started talking to the girl.

I always carry some for my mother. She’s deaf, too.

The girl smiled brightly at the purple haired student, before thanking him. When she put the hearing aids in, Bakugou repeated his previous question. The girl nodded eagerly at both students while speaking out loud for the first time.

“Yes! Thank you so much!” Bakugou, still crouching in front of the girl, next to Shinsou, actually cracked a small smile before catching himself and waving the girl off. “No problem. Some people just aren’t as aware of stuff like this. It’s nothing.”

Shinsou wasn’t above smiling at the girl and returned it more properly than Bakugou, before he got back up, signed his goodbye and swiftly left for his class’ booth. Bakugou pushed himself up as well, but was held up by Kendo before he could leave.

“Thanks, Bakugou! That was very nice of you.” she smiled at him genuinely and Bakugou felt more than uncomfortable before he shrugged. “It was painful to watch. That’s all.” he mumbled before he turned around and went back to the spot at his booth. The last thing he heard was the girl excitedly asking Kendo and Setsuna to repeat what they’d said previously.

That was the day Bakugou Katsuki learned that Shinsou Hitoshi from General Education knew sign language and carried spare hearing aid batteries for his deaf mother.

After that short interaction, Bakugou forgot all about Shinsou and their common language. It wasn’t until about a month later, when Class 1-A had begged their English teacher, Mic, to hold his lesson outside in the sun, that Bakugou was reminded of Shinsou again.

General Education held gym class outside as well, running on the tracks around the courtyard. Shinsou was running at a consistent pace, leading his classmates. He barely noticed another class settle down on the grass a few yards away. Their teacher was yelling something and Shinsou felt his body grow tired; he definitely hadn’t gotten enough sleep.

A few yards back, Bakugou was bored with class, he already knew all of the words they were practising and his gaze drifted around the yard. His eyes landed on purple hair, which was put into a small bun. He looked down to recognise Shinsou by the huge dark circles under his eyes. Almost entranced, he watched as the other student took a huge sip from his water, rubbing away the sweat on his forehead.

Something Bakugou didn’t realise was Shinsou getting significantly more fit over the course of the year. He looked much more built than he remembered. Although he heard the guy speak about kicking one of them from the hero course so he could join it, more than once. If he wanted to follow up on that threat, he had to actually work hard and working out was part of it.

Bakugou didn’t realise he was still looking at Shinsou until he noticed purple eyes staring right back at him. He felt his cheeks heat and

blamed it on the heat from the sun. Before he could look away, he noticed Shinsou's hands move up and recognised the Japanese sign language.

Stop staring at me!

Bakugou sucked in a deep breath before discreetly but aggressively, signing back at the other.

Fuck you I'm not staring.

Shinsou had the nerve to roll his eyes, unimpressed as he signed back.

You are! Take a picture, it'll last longer.

That response got an indignant sound out of Bakugou, who fumed while answering.

Piss off, fucker. I was looking around. Not at you.

Bakugou was nudged by Kirishima and Mina next to him. "Oi, Bakubro, are you listening?" Kirishima looked at him questioningly before Mina waved her hands in front of Bakugou, who was still staring at Shinsou, trying to win their silent argument, even if Shinsou was actually right.

Keep telling yourself that. I know what I saw.

Bakugou huffed at the response. Pushing Mina aside, who yelped surprised, he simply flipped Shinsou off. Kirishima followed to where Bakugou was so furiously pointing at and recognised the General Education class.

"Bakubro! You can't just flip off other students!" he yelled, pushing his friend's arm down, missing the stuck out tongue Shinsou was throwing

at Bakugou. The latter growled and definitely didn't miss Shinsou's gesture, before finally turning away. Almost all eyes were on him, besides Present Mic's, who was still eagerly doing his lesson.

Iida spoke up immediately, chopping his arms up and down robotically at him. "Bakugou! Kirishima is right! You cannot be rude to other students! Your behaviour will fall back on all of us! Please restrain yourself." Bakugou's hands steamed and he loudly exclaimed he could do what he wanted and he didn't care what others thought.

Shinsou on his end couldn't contain the smirk that appeared, after riling Bakugou up and not getting shit for it. Fun as it was to watch the resident angry boy lose his shit, he had to go back to his own class.

"What are you doing, Shinsou?" one of his classmates asked, having watched part of the exchange and Shinsou turned around as well, shrugging. "Nothing. Just messing with Bakugou. He deserves it." he smirks at his classmate who simply shook their head at him.

"You've got a death wish or something? I wouldn't pick a fight with that guy, if I were you. Don't you want to join the hero classes? Isn't this just setting yourself up for becoming his bullying target?" Shinsou snorted before shaking his head.

"I can handle that angry bastard, no problem. I'm sure he's more annoyed with half his classmates. I don't think he'll pay much attention to me at all." he grinned, getting up as their teacher dismissed them for the lesson.

That was the first time Bakugou and Shinsou spoke with one another. To Bakugou's dismay it wouldn't be the last time.

When they first moved into the dorms, Bakugou had to adjust his schedule around nineteen more people. It annoyed the living shit out of him and studying in his dorm quietly was barely possible with people like Kaminari and Mina around. Most of the time the self proclaimed Bakusquad either bothered Bakugou so much until he let them in his room, which meant he wouldn't get any studying done or

they would hang at Kirishima's room, right next to his, making a ruckus. Since studying apparently wasn't something he could do in his own room, Bakugou decided to become a regular in the school's library.

The first time Bakugou entered the library he felt extremely out of place. It was so quiet, Bakugou felt loud just by walking to one of the tables. He set down his stuff as quietly as possible before getting comfortable. Finally, he was able to concentrate on his school work in peace.

At least that's what he thought. On his ninth day studying in the library, he met him again. Of course Shinsou could use the library but he was sitting at Bakugou's designated table, in his designated spot and Bakugou was having none of it.

As obnoxiously loud as possible, without disturbing the general quiet atmosphere of the library, Bakugou approached the purple haired student, slamming his stuff onto the table. Most people would have looked up by now and acknowledged him, but Shinsou didn't even flinch.

Bakugou was growing restless and annoyed, taking in a deep breath, he glared at Shinsou before speaking up. "You're sitting in my spot." Though he was trying not to, it still sounded extremely angry.

Finally, Shinsou shifted, looking up at Bakugou, resting his head on his hand, eyebrows raised in question. "Huh? I didn't see a sign that said *'Bakugou's seat'*. You weren't exactly occupying this table when I arrived." Bakugou felt a headache come on as he stared straight into purple eyes, which held some sort of mischief.

They quietly stared at one another for a minute before Shinsou pointed at the seat opposite his, smirking at Bakugou. "You can join me though. I don't mind." Shinsou was purposely annoying him and Bakugou hated it. He seethed before he sighed in defeat. If he started making a scene in the library, he could kiss his quiet studying goodbye for a while.

Fighting his pride, Bakugou pulled the chair Shinsou had pointed out to him, back violently before sitting down. "Don't you dare fucking talk to me, extra." he grit out, before unpacking his stuff and starting his homework.

To Bakugou's slight annoyance, Shinsou didn't seem to be going anywhere any time soon; however he did in fact, not bother him and

Bakugou was extremely grateful for it. They worked silently, not really acknowledging each other for an hour or so until their silent study session was rudely interrupted.

Bakugou was finishing up on some revisions for an upcoming test when a rather loud group of people walked into the library and, instead of moving along, sat down at their table.

A glance to his side and Bakugou was absolutely riveting - stupid 1-B students. He seethed in silence for a good minute before the 1-B group acknowledged Bakugou and Shinsou.

“If it isn’t Bakugou, 1-A’s angry pomeranian and Shinsou from Gen Ed.” Bakugou refrained from snapping his pencil in half at Monoma’s comment. He couldn’t hold back from banging his fist on the table though and Shinsou actually looked up when his papers started jumping from the force.

“HUH? What the fuck did you say, you damn extra?!” Bakugou half yelled - half whispered and the steam coming out of his fist showed how bothered he was by Monoma. The latter seemed to enjoy himself, while some of his classmate’s looked apologetically at the other two.

“Monoma, cut it out! So sorry, um, we didn’t mean to be rude. He’s just like that. We won’t bother you two.” Awase tried but Bakugou was already moving on from being called a pomeranian to being roped in with Shinsou. He wasn’t here with Shinsou.

The latter merely blinked, his head hovering over his hand, which he previously rested on. Monoma demanded attention again, addressing Shinsou this time directly, “I didn’t think you would hang out with the arrogant 1-A bunch, Shinsou. Guess that makes you one of them by association.” Monoma practically screeched at the two, earning a loud *‘Shh’* from the librarian a few feet away.

“I’m studying. I don’t know what you came here for, uh, Monoma, was it?” Shinsou started, hitting a nerve, if Monoma’s gasp was anything to go by. “But I suggest you either sit down and be quiet or leave. The library isn’t a place to pick fights.”

Bakugou blinked at Shinsou, surprised the other was so calm and collected; although there was a slightly bitter undertone to his voice.

Bakugou watched as Monoma and Shinsou started some sort of stare off until Monoma finally budged and sat down a little further away from Shinsou and Bakugou.

Before long the 1-B group was starting to whisper-discuss something amongst themselves and Bakugou got annoyed quickly. “Those fuckers. Can’t they be quiet?” letting out a small growl, Bakugou shut his book loudly. It didn’t have any effect on their new table neighbours and he was getting aggravated.

Shinsou sighed, tapping the table in front of Bakugou, who looked up, even more annoyed now. “What the fuck do you want?” he was practically fuming and Shinsou motioned his lips shut, before lazily starting to sign something.

Stop being

“Just fucking talk, eyebags!” Bakugou interrupted, annoyed at the fuss Shinsou was making. The other continued signing unbothered by his outburst.

so damn bothered.

Shinsou finished, raising his brows in some sort of a challenge at him and Bakugou grew more and more furious. “Fuck you” he hissed in response and Shinsou merely rolled his eyes.

Wow. Original. Get a grip, you’re making more noise than the others.

Bakugou was about to raise his voice when he caught the eyes of the librarian, who was squinting at him with a warning look in her eyes. He shut up immediately, ignoring the snicker that escaped Shinsou, before signing to him.

They piss me off. They're so annoying and loud.

Just ignore them. Take out your hearing aids if they bother you so much.

Bakugou blinked at Shinsou, a little taken aback. They barely ever talked, this was the third time they properly interacted and yet Shinsou knew he used hearing aids. He probably shouldn't be surprised, he did know sign language and had not given Shinsou an explanation as to why. They stared each other down, Bakugou still contemplating whether or not he should be pissed with Shinsou for bringing his hearing aids up.

He was a little self conscious about them and never mentioned them to anyone. The only people he had willingly told were Kirishima and, surprisingly, Todoroki during their extra training for their provisional licence. Midoriya knew by default, since he'd known Bakugou for years and he'd needed hearing aids before he started middle school.

Shinsou looked at him expectantly and Bakugou realised, he might have either seen them, although they were really tiny, or deduced he needed them because of his quirk. Which was the reason Bakugou was going deaf, since his explosions were always in his close proximity and his ears weren't really blessed with more durable eardrums. The doctors had warned his parents of him going deaf when his quirk first came in and they had started learning and teaching sign language to make it easier for him.

So?

Shinsou apparently had waited long enough, before he involved Bakugou again, who huffed before replying.

I don't like to hear badly. I only take them out for sleep or showers.

Bakugou didn't know why he was suddenly confiding in Shinsou of all people. Normally he would have just blown him off, said something along the lines of *'None of your damn business'* and moved on, but something compelled him to be honest.

Maybe it was the way Shinsou looked at him with all honesty and genuinity. Nothing in his eyes looked like he was judging Bakugou; not for being annoyed with the noise the group next to them was making or the fact he was hard of hearing and used hearing aids.

Suddenly Bakugou felt very embarrassed, so he huffed one last time for good measure and turned to look away from Shinsou. The other sighed before tapping the table again, demanding Bakugou's attention. He side-eyed him enough so Shinsou could sign again.

Okay. I'm beat. Do you want to get out of here?

Bakugou turned to look at the purple haired student, trying to decipher if he was serious. Shinsou raised his brow in question again, something, Bakugou realised, seemed to be a default expression for him. Did he want to get out of here with Shinsou? He didn't know exactly but anything was better than sitting next to some babbling extras, who made stupid comments about him.

Okay.

Shinsou started packing up and Bakugou followed suit immediately. They got up and without another word spoken between them, headed out of the library. Bakugou realised he didn't really know what Shinsou had in mind but speaking up now seemed a little awkward, so he plainly walked alongside the other.

They ended up walking back toward the dorms and Bakugou relaxed with each step he made. He was looking forward to some food and some sleep. Shinsou stopped at the cross section that led down to his own dorms. Without looking back, Shinsou waved his hand in a

goodbye as he strolled down the other way. Bakugou merely huffed, but it was softer than before as he turned to walk in the opposite direction toward his own dorm.

Chapter End Notes

Thank you for reading!
I hope you enjoyed the first chapter.

Have a wonderful day!

Kudos, Comments and Bookmarks are always appreciated.

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Chapter 2

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Meeting Shinsou at the library became some sort of routine. The other seemed to always be there now and Bakugou stopped being annoyed by his presence after the fourth time it happened. They mostly sat in silence and they weren't interrupted by anyone most of the time. Rarely, whenever Shinsou seemed to be struggling with something and Bakugou couldn't listen to him mutter anymore, he'd help him out. Shinsou returned the favour by bringing snacks the next time, since Bakugou rarely needed help.

On good days, whenever Shinsou had slept enough and Bakugou wasn't as annoyed by previous endeavours with his class, they'd even talk about stuff unrelated to their studies in a civil manner.

Six weeks later Bakugou got to their table and Shinsou was nowhere to be seen. He was somewhat surprised, taking the seat the other had stolen from him at the beginning of their study time. After thirty minutes of sitting by himself Bakugou started to get a little restless.

He couldn't really pinpoint why he felt a tug in his chest and why it apparently bothered him so much that Shinsou wasn't there. Wasn't this what he wanted in the first place; study all by himself? He didn't know anymore. After another half hour of barely getting work done, he left. Shinsou didn't show up that day at all.

The next day, Bakugou arrived a little later than usual, being held up by Kirishima and Kaminari who had bugged him about some movie night on friday, which he had to agree to or they wouldn't let him leave. He mindlessly moved to his designated table, sitting down opposite Shinsou and unpacking his stuff wordlessly. Shinsou.

Bakugou's eyes shot up after he realised that Shinsou was sitting in his spot, staring at Bakugou expectantly. They locked eyes and Bakugou, as resigned as he had been, turned back into his usual self. He furrowed his brows before raising one, the way Shinsou usually did, fixing him with a questioning look. The other blinked before crossing his arms over his chest, holding Bakugou's stare.

“Where the hell were you?” Bakugou finally broke the silence and Shinsou actually had the nerve to look away, a blush dusting his cheeks. Just then Shinsou decided he didn’t want to speak with or look at Bakugou and hid his face in his arms on the table, his left arm in his hair.

A sigh escaped the blonde before he simply started on his homework. “Fine, don’t expect me to answer any of your questions either.”

They sat in silence for thirty minutes, Shinsou not moving from his position and Bakugou actually getting his studying done. A tap on the table in front of him notified him that Shinsou wanted to talk without speaking. It became his way of asking for Bakugou’s attention. If Bakugou had no nerve to talk, he would ignore three taps and Shinsou would lay off; if he was willing to indulge him, he’d look up.

Shinsou was barely moving his head to see Bakugou waiting for him to start. With his chin still resting on the table, he moved his hands in front of him.

I failed an important test.

Bakugou waited patiently for Shinsou to continue signing to him, he knew the other wasn’t finished with his thoughts.

I studied for it, remember the stuff we went through together, three days ago? I blanked out yesterday. I barely got any of the answers.

Shinsou stopped signing, resting his hands in his hair, as he faced the table again. A tap in front of him caught his attention and he looked up slightly, seeing Bakugou sign in response.

It’s one test. I failed my provisional licence exam and still got another chance.

Shinsou stared up at him, eyes tired as he let out an exhausted sigh. Bakugou watched him without any anger or annoyance in his features. Shinsou rested his head on the table again and signed without looking up at Bakugou.

That's different. My chance to move up to the hero course for second year depends on this.

Apparently that seemed to crack Bakugou up, as Shinsou raised his head at the snort that escaped the other. He glared at the blonde, who actually smirked at him. He leaned back, looking down at Shinsou, who still glared tiredly. He started replying, this time holding Shinsou's gaze simultaneously.

The test we studied for won't butcher your chance to move up. I'm a hundred percent sure, you're already set to join our course.

Shinsou blinked, before he finally sat up properly, tilting his head.

Are you sure? How would you know? They didn't tell you yet, right?

Bakugou shook his head as a reply, watching Shinsou actually shake a little in disappointment. He signed again, for some reason feeling obliged to calm the other down.

I'm not stupid. Mineta got his second warning already. Aizawa promised to either drop him to Gen-Ed or expel him entirely for his behaviour. No one is better suited for his spot than you.

Shinsou watched him attentively before nodding along. Bakugou probably had a point, he shouldn't worry too much about something

he couldn't change anymore. The other grunted, shutting his books and leaning onto his own hand, studying Shinsou instead.

Shinsou's skin felt on fire under Bakugou's gaze and he crouched down a little further again, looking away from him.

That's the reason I didn't show up yesterday. I was angry and hid in my room. Forgot the time and when I looked at it, it was already too late to come here.

Bakugou hummed at the explanation before packing up his stuff. Shinsou watched, taken a little aback by the sudden change in atmosphere, feeling a little hurt by him taking off seemingly out of the blue. As Bakugou got up, he looked down at Shinsou expectantly.

"You coming or what?" he asked out loud and Shinsou blinked before scrambling up to cram his previously forgotten papers into his bag before following Bakugou, who was already walking toward the doors.

"Where are we going?" he questioned and Bakugou only hummed. Apparently he wasn't going to tell Shinsou what they were doing. It was still early, earlier than usual, so Shinsou felt a little tug in his chest at the thought of already going back to the dorms.

From what Shinsou recognised, they were not going back to the dorms. Relief washed over him as he noticed and Bakugou led them toward the training grounds, Shinsou had barely been to. They did in fact not enter any of the training grounds and Shinsou was completely lost as to where Bakugou was taking him.

The blonde student was walking a little further ahead, leading him through a small narrow alley between the buildings and Shinsou actually gasped out loud at the sight in front of him. A chuckle escaped the other and Shinsou blinked from the beautiful scenery to Bakugou, who gave him a genuine look, Shinsou could absolutely drown in. Getting a hold of himself, he looked away before moving to stand next to Bakugou.

"What is this place?" he whispered, afraid to interrupt the quiet atmosphere. Bakugou let out a huff before replying, "I don't know. I

needed to blow off some steam after training once and walked around the area, found this place by chance really."

In front of them was a small meadow-like field, shut off from the main yard by two training ground buildings to their left and right. The other two sides were enclosed by the school's outside walls. A couple of trees grew tall all around with the biggest, probably prettiest tree Shinsou had ever seen, situated in the middle of the field; two benches placed right under it.

"It's so pretty and quiet here." Shinsou whispered and felt a tug on his sleeve. Bakugou was dragging him along to the benches under the big tree, not looking at him. "Why did you bring me here?" Bakugou didn't reply, letting go of Shinsou so he could sit down, resting his back on the tree.

He closed his eyes and breathed in and out, mesmerising Shinsou in the process; Bakugou probably never looked calmer to him. Although that wasn't necessarily true, he could get pretty calm in the library atmosphere, but this right here was different.

Fuck.

Gulping down the sudden nervousness, Shinsou took a seat next to Bakugou, copying his posture, eyes closed, too. Shinsou felt many questions bubble up in his head, he refrained from asking them though, not wanting to break whatever they had going on. Bakugou shifted next to him and Shinsou felt his heart race as a body leaned slightly onto his side.

Fuck.

"If you tell anyone about this place, I'll kill you." it was the emptiest threat Shinsou had ever heard Bakugou speak. "Right." he replied, not capable of forming any more words.

This was breaking the fine line they'd been treading for weeks now. This wasn't just enemies quietly studying alongside one another. This wasn't friends sharing some insults, yet always listening attentively. This was dangerous. This could go wrong in so many ways.

"Stop fucking thinking, dumbass" The usual growl, which always accompanied Bakugou's voice, was back, as he broke the atmosphere completely, staring straight at Shinsou. The latter sighed, getting

himself together before opening his eyes to lock them with Bakugou's. "Sorry." he whispered, tearing his gaze away, down onto the grass at his feet. "Say, Why did you bring me here?"

The question from earlier slipped from his tongue, betraying Shinsou's rapidly beating heart. Bakugou shifted again at his side, but he couldn't bring himself to look at him. "I come here whenever I get in my head. It calms me down. Thought you could use it…You know with you so worried about the test and all…" the blonde's voice cut off quietly and this time Shinsou couldn't help but look back up into red eyes, which seemed somewhat embarrassed and vulnerable.

They just stared at each other, Shinsou's head lowered but still tilted toward Bakugou, who was sitting cross legged on the bench, still leaning a little against the tree. If anyone saw them like this, Shinsou was sure they'd think they were hallucinating.

He never felt more vulnerable here on this small meadow, sitting next to Bakugou Katsuki, of all people, not breaking eye contact. Whatever they had shared before, definitely changed right there.

Bakugou tore his eyes off the purple ones first, turning away sharply before huffing. "Whatever. Don't fucking think I care or anything. You were just fucking annoying back there." Shinsou let out a deep breath in relief; this was the Bakugou he knew how to handle. A laugh escaped his lips, so loud, free and honest, Bakugou's head whipped right back over at the sound. This was becoming a problem.

"WHAT THE FUCK'S SO FUNNY?" he yelled and Shinsou couldn't stop himself, toppling from the bench, laying on the ground now, still laughing. Bakugou was seething now, small explosions escaping his palms as he tried not to kill Shinsou right there.

"That's such a *'you'* thing to say!" Shinsou snorted and Bakugou jumped up, pointing his finger at him accusingly. "FUCK OFF! You ungrateful fucker! See if I ever do anything this fucking nice for you again." he was sulking now, which didn't help Shinsou stop laughing. He took deep breaths, only chuckling now. A smile tugged on the corner of Shinsou's mouth, as he looked up at the red dipped sky, the sun setting slowly.

"Hey, Bakugou." the other hummed in acknowledgement, but didn't turn around. "Thank you. I do feel much better." Another hum was all he got in response, which was more than enough for Shinsou.

They'd stayed there a little longer, quietly looking at the sky before it

got dark and both knew they had to get back to the dorms. The walk back was filled with a comfortable silence, before their ways parted again. Instead of turning to walk to his own dorm, without as much as a goodbye, Bakugou turned to Shinsou, holding out a small piece of paper.

“Next time you’re sulking, just text me.” he said, dropping the paper in Shinsou’s hands, who looked at it confusedly before back at Bakugou, who was already moving along to his dorm. “Um. Okay! See you!” he yelled and got a wave in return.

After that day, Bakugou and Shinsou spent half their previous library time at the small meadow behind the training grounds. Whenever the weather allowed it, they’d take their stuff and study under the tree; Bakugou had the foresight to bring a blanket once, so they could sprawl across it on the grass.

Shinsou tried to not think about it too much. He started bringing snacks and drinks; an iced coffee for himself and an iced tea for Bakugou, who declared coffee was the most disgusting drink he ever had.

A new routine was established that way and neither one addressed it. Something else that changed that first day at the meadow was the contact outside their study time. The first time Shinsou actually texted Bakugou was three days after he’d gotten his number.

He’d never admit to the blonde that it had taken a ton of brainstorming about what to say before he settled on sending Bakugou a grumpy cat gif. He got an annoyed ‘ *Fuck off Mindfuck* ’ back and grinned at his phone.

Shinsou texted Bakugou some memes, gifs or just singular emojis to let him know of his current moods. For the most part, Bakugou ignored his texts, sometimes he’d react with the middle finger emoji or a short text telling him to fuck off; not that Shinsou cared.

He might have started to misuse this new form of interacting with Bakugou. The amount of times Shinsou spammed the other out of pure boredom couldn’t be counted anymore and Bakugou’s replies turned from one liners to full length texts cussing him out.

Shinsou got extremely good at reading Bakugou’s mood through the way he replied to his spamming. If Bakugou was cussing him out

thoroughly through text, it was safe to say that he was angry and annoyed as hell, but not too busy and / or bothered by it.

If Bakugou replied with one liners or emojis, Shinsou knew he was busy and annoyed. And if Bakugou didn't reply at all or with an *'Okay'* only, he was most likely not feeling well mentally and had no actual strength to indulge Shinsou.

The last one was the least likely and everytime Bakugou did feel bad about himself, Shinsou would stop sending annoying memes and opt for cute and funny cat videos he saved. They were something that cheered him up so he shared them with Bakugou in hopes it would help. Sometimes Bakugou would send him *'thanks'* in return for the cat videos and Shinsou knew his job was done.

At some point Shinsou texted Bakugou out of the blue about something he had an opinion on, not really with the intention of getting a reply from the blonde, but sharing his thoughts. Bakugou only sent him half hearted replies at first, which quickly turned into full length arguments whenever Shinsou said something Bakugou disagreed with. Disagreements turned into agreements and after a few weeks they had full on conversations via text about practically anything.

Whenever Shinsou got bored during his free periods or breaks, he'd text Bakugou about it, complaining to him. At first the other didn't really reply much to it but one day during lunch, shortly before the year ended, he told Shinsou to ' *suck it up'* and Shinsou felt petty enough to send him a picture of his middle finger, flipping Bakugou off.

He noted that Bakugou had seen his text, but no reply came and Shinsou's heart fluttered, a little afraid of actually having crossed a line, when suddenly the door to his classroom was thrown open. Shinsou and his classmates jumped at the sudden noise, turning to look at the intruder.

Bakugou, bento in hand, stomped over aggressively, coming to a stop in front of Shinsou's desk. Shinsou, shocked at first, caught himself and raised his eyebrow up in question just as Bakugou shoved his middle finger in his face.

"FUCKING FUCK OFF" he yelled at his face and Shinsou had the foresight to lean back in his chair, a smirk pulling up on his face. "You

tell me, when you're the one who stomped in my classroom, flipping me off." he teased and Bakugou practically heaved at him, slamming his bento on Shinsou's desk and crossing his arms defiantly.

"You're so fucking annoying. I already have the stupid extras on my case during lunch! I don't need you bothering me too. If you're always so bored, fucking move your lazy ass and do something about it." he was still fuming, squinting somewhat aggressively at Shinsou who immediately realised what Bakugou was insinuating. A smug smile played on his lips as he nodded.

"Alright, next time I'll bother you in person. Got it." he was full on grinning, ignoring the wide-eyed stares of his classmates. He probably had to explain this to them, but he couldn't care less. Not when Bakugou came all this way during school hours, to invite him to annoy him in person during lunch. He was way too smug about it and it seemed to piss Bakugou off some more.

"Stop fucking grinning like that!" With those words, Bakugou took his bento before turning on his heel and stomping toward the door. Shinsou half expected him to sit down next to him, but apparently Bakugou had other ideas. "The hell are you waiting for, dumbass?" he growled impatiently and Shinsou realised he was supposed to take his lunch and follow him.

It was the first time they had lunch together, sitting on the stairs outside their building. Bakugou was awfully quiet and Shinsou felt like he was annoying him just by sitting there. Maybe he did cross a line that day. Shuffling uncomfortably, he got up which made Bakugou look up at him, annoyance and confusion mixed in his features.

"The hell are you doing?" he huffed, stuffing the last of his food into his mouth, watching Shinsou. "Um. I feel like I'm annoying you, so… I'm leaving?" it came out more like a question, he felt very unsure of what he was doing and Bakugou rolled his eyes so hard, Shinsou was sure he would be able to see inside his own head.

"You are annoying. Doesn't mean I want you to just fucking leave. I came all the way here, you better fucking appreciate it." he huffed, almost a little insulted. Shinsou tilted his head, before sitting back down again, leaning against the uncomfortable railing.

"Alright, fine."

The silence stretched on for a few minutes before Shinsou spoke up

again, wondering, “You really rather chill with me than your friends in your class?” Bakugou raised his brow at the question before shrugging. “They’re annoying me all day, in school and at the dorms. I’m glad for every minute I’m not around them. Not that you’re not annoying, but at least you’re quiet.”

Shinsou smiled in return, teasing the blonde student. “Aw! Bakugou, I didn’t know you cared so much!” The other growled, pinching his leg violently. “Piss off!” he growled, Shinsou snorted. “I think you’re annoying, too! Like probably one of the most annoying people I’ve met. But you can be good company I guess; you’re surprisingly quiet sometimes, too. So I guess I care too.” he supplied, a little embarrassed, but it was only fair, since he’d teased Bakugou and the other wasn’t the only one invested in this weird relationship they had formed.

Chapter End Notes

Thank you for reading!
Hope you enjoyed the second chapter!

Have a wonderful day, stay safe and healthy!

Kudos, Comments and Bookmarks are always appreciated!

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Chapter 3

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Soon after that point their feelings changed from platonic to romantic and Bakugou could pinpoint exactly when it happened for him.

Four weeks until the end of their first year, Shinsou got the news he would join class A. Instead of transferring Mineta to General Education, he was expelled after his third sexual harrassment report.

Aizawa informed Class A about the upcoming changes and all of them expressed their excitement about the news. Keeping his cool, Bakugou barely reacted outside of his usual huff. He felt his phone vibrate in his pockets and he knew Shinsou was texting him about the news.

Shinsou beamed as he was congratulated by his classmates for making it into the hero course and he felt like he was floating. When their lesson continued he excused himself to the bathroom and barely outside his classroom, he immediately texted Bakugou about it.

That day Shinsou couldn't wait for lunchtime and as soon as they were excused, he rushed out of his seat, trying to calmly walk to Bakugou's classroom - soon to be his, too.

Bakugou apparently expected Shinsou to come, he already left his room to wait outside in the hallway. The self-proclaimed Bakusquad asked where he was going and all he did was tell them to leave him alone. They were now peeking outside into the hallway every once in a while and Bakugou felt their eyes on him.

He noticed Shinsou's purple hair from afar and started walking toward him. They made eye contact, Shinsou proudly smiling at him. The first thing Bakugou did was sign to him as he moved.

Let's get out of here. Noisy extras ahead.

He watched Shinsou snort, albeit not hearing it, he saw the taller sign, back.

Okay. Meadow.

Bakugou nodded, before continuing his walk toward Shinsou, who stopped and turned around, waiting for Bakugou to catch up with him. They silently made their way toward the training grounds.

The second they entered their deserted meadow, Shinsou practically jumped toward him, a move with the energy Bakugou had never seen in Shinsou since they'd been friends.

"I DID IT!" he yelled out, smiling so brightly it felt blinding to Bakugou. He returned it, hands on his hips as he replied. "I told you, you'd make it. Don't fucking doubt me or yourself ever again." His voice held no malice at all, instead it was laced with genuine excitement for the other. Shinsou grinned before wiggling up and down lightly, looking at Bakugou expectantly.

Oh god he was so screwed.

"Fucking hell, okay, fine." the latter murmured, his smile still eminent as he opened his arms. Bakugou didn't hug. Most of the time the only physical touch he allowed were some reassuring claps on his shoulder or maybe once in a while a side leaning into his. He didn't hug though. Not any of his friends (he had to admit that's what they were), barely ever his own parents.

Shinsou seemed to be the consistent exception to all his personal rules though. Really, he couldn't deny the sleep-deprived lanky bastard anything when he was looking at him all wide-eyed, pride and excitement practically glinting in his eyes, an overall look of pure joy on his usually unbothered face

The second Shinsou's smile turned into a smug grin as he moved forward, Bakugou felt an incredible tug in his chest and flutter in his stomach. He was done for, he knew it.

Shinsou moved somewhat slowly but that didn't stop him from practically throwing himself at Bakugou's chest as soon as he was in reach. It felt weird to be as close as they were right then. He closed his

arms around the taller, who slumped over his shoulder, squeezing him tightly.

Bakugou felt overwhelmed with Shinsou's everything; his scent, his happiness, the way he just comfortably threw himself at him, the way his hair tickled Bakugou's face and the way Bakugou was the first person Shinsou wanted to celebrate with. They stood there, hugging one another for not longer than a minute, but it felt like an eternity for Bakugou.

Slowly, Shinsou disentangled himself from Bakugou's frame, still comfortably invading his space. He smiled so genuinely at Bakugou, he was sure his head exploded.

"Thank you. I mean it." Shinsou's voice was so quiet, just below a whisper that anyone else wouldn't have heard him. Bakugou only heard him because they were still standing so close. He willed himself not to turn bright red at the genuinity in Shinsou's voice before he shook his head.

"I don't know what you're thanking me for. I didn't do anything." he mumbled more out of reaction than anything but Shinsou only snorted, shaking his own head, a brow raised in a teasing manner. "Pff. Yeah right. You studied with me? You already believed I was going to join you guys literally two months ago. Just take the fucking thank you, Bakugou."

A huff was the only reply Bakugou felt capable of. Shinsou snorted, crossing his arms over his chest, wiggling back and forth on his heels. It was driving Bakugou nuts. "Would you stop that already?!" he growled out and Shinsou stuck out his tongue at him.

"We should head back. Lunch should be over soon." Shinsou declared, turning around and moving to leave the meadow. Bakugou finally felt able to breathe again, the second the other left his personal space and followed him back to the buildings.

"Fuck. I didn't eat lunch." Bakugou realised, his stomach now growling to underline his statement. Shinsou, his hands behind his head, shrugged. "Me neither. Let's get dinner later! My treat, one, because I held you back from eating lunch and two, because I want to celebrate. It's the weekend anyway."

Humming in agreement, Bakugou closed his eyes, as to ignore the constant rumbling in his stomach; dinner sounded great. "Yeah, alright! It better be fucking good though! I want something spicy."

“Of course you would. I know a great place, don’t worry.” They kept walking, now back on the main yard, a lot more students passed by them, most simply ignoring the strange duo. Some looked twice at them, but Bakugou and Shinsou didn’t care.

Shinsou came to a stop in front of the stairs leading to his own classroom, a floor above Bakugous. “Don’t forget to apply for a leave for later. I will not smuggle you out of here.” The purple haired student mused, riling Bakugou up just a little.

“Fuck off! Like I don’t know that, dipshit.” he grunted in response, making Shinsou grin triumphantly as he climbed the stairs. “Later, sparky.” Bakugou huffed, waving his hand anyway as he left for his own class.

Bakugou dodged a shit ton of questions by his classmates with his usual *‘None of your fucking business’,* as he left their dormitory and walked to the cross section to meet Shinsou. As late as Shinsou could be sometimes, he was five minutes early, wobbling back and forth on his feet until he spotted Bakugou approaching him. “Hey!”

A grunt was his only verbal reply, which would normally come off as rude, but Shinsou knew it was just part of the way Bakugou communicated. “I know a nice place with great ramen! They have some of the spiciest I’ve ever eaten.” The blonde hummed at that, excited to order them. Bakugou valued and trusted Shinsou’s opinion on things, especially food related.

They’d found that they liked a lot of the same dishes and Shinsou could handle his spices well, although he could easily do without them, unlike Bakugou who seasoned every single meal with chilli powder.

They arrived at the small ramen place and Shinsou led them to a secluded corner table. He ordered them their drinks and showed Bakugou the spicy noodle dish he was talking about earlier, which Bakugou immediately ordered for himself. Shinsou wasn’t craving spicy food and settled for a milder version of the same dish.

“Aizawa told me I’d move into your dorm as well. I kind of don’t want to settle in the creepy grapes room though.” Shinsou spoke up between bites. Bakugou slurped his own, nodding slightly at him. “I

don't think Aizawa will move you there. There's still two other rooms. He's going to move you in one of them for sure." the blonde assured, catching the way Shinsou let out a relieved breath.

"Lucky me." the taller student replied before they continued eating in silence. It was a nice change of pace for Bakugou. Hanging out with Shinsou was comfortable, they could easily fall into conversations or just co-exist in the same vicinity without the need to speak. He'd admit that he enjoyed the company of the Bakusquad as well, but they were a handful and sometimes he needed someone who he could recharge with after a long exhausting day. That someone just so happened to be Shinsou.

They finished and quickly made their way back to the school, having gotten only a three hour permit to leave. Bakugou felt strange as they came to a stop at their usual cross section. For some reason, he didn't want this night to end.

Shinsou stretched, feeling his high from the good news leave his body, exhaustion taking over. He glanced back at Bakugou who seemed to be waiting for something to happen and Shinsou raised his brows in question. The blonde looked away, a little blush tinting his cheeks and Shinsou, for the first time that night, realised what inviting Bakugou might have insinuated.

Fuck.

Oh god. This felt awfully like a date. Oh god did he invite Bakugou on a date? Did the other think it was a date? Was it bad that it probably turned into a date? Did Shinsou want to date Bakugou?

He felt heat crawl up his neck as he looked away from the blonde student, suddenly extremely embarrassed. How could he not realise? Maybe it was a good thing he didn't realise because otherwise he would have never had the actual guts to ask the blonde out.

Speaking off, Bakugo cleared his throat, looking back up at Shinsou expectantly before he decided this was too awkward now and turned on his heel, stomping off to where his dorm was.

Great. Either he would get a grip now or it would become extremely awkward between the two. Shinsou let out a breath before yelling after the other. Bakugou stopped, turning his head in question before Shinsou, a little out of breath, gulped and started speaking.

“Um. Sorry. I… Thanks for coming tonight. Do you… want to hang out tomorrow?” God he felt so awkward, probably red in the face and looking like a zombie but Bakugou turned around completely now. The blonde looked around before moving his hands.

Thanks for inviting me. We can hang tomorrow. Text me when you’re awake.

Shinsou felt his heart beat faster before he smiled at Bakugou.

Will do! Goodnight.

Bakugou returned his smile by pulling one corner of his mouth upward, waving his hand as he turned around to walk, this time calmly, back to his dorm. Shinsou smiled to himself, pulling his hoodie over his head before heading back to his own dorm, deep in thought.

That day at the meadow, Bakugou Katsuki realised he was head over heels for Shinsou Hitoshi and Shinsou Hitoshi realised he was head over heels for Bakugou Katsuki that night at the cross section.

Bakugou didn’t do anything haphazardly so obviously when he realised he liked Shinsou, it wasn’t just a small crush, he felt full on in love with the bastard. Sometimes he wished he wouldn’t always feel so strongly so quickly but he couldn’t really change anything about it now.

After that day Bakugou and Shinsou kept hanging out more often, not mentioning the strange new tension that was building up between them. Bakugou tried hiding it, so he wouldn’t scare the other away. Of course he thought that their celebration dinner two weeks ago felt a

lot like a date but he wouldn't mention it to Shinsou - over his dead body!

Their first day of second year happened to be a friday, much to everyone's excitement. It was also the day Shinsou moved into the class A dormitory. Loud rattling outside of Bakugou's room made him groan in annoyance and when it didn't stop, he jumped up from his desk and slammed his door open.

"WHO THE FUCK IS SO FUCKING LOUD OUT HERE?" he was yelling, head stuck outside his door as he looked around. Purple and red eyes connected and he blinked confusedly before realising.

"You're moving in *next to me* ?" was all Bakugou could get out, as he watched Shinsou frozen mid-kick to his door in shock, a huge box full of stuff in his arms. "Yeah?" came the reply by Shinsou a second later, as he managed to stumble into his new room, almost dropping his belongings before he stuck his head back out again.

"The fuck?" was all Bakugou managed before Midoriya, Todoroki, Uraraka, Sero and Kaminari entered the scene, all carrying various types of boxes towards them, interrupting his train of thought.

"Oh Kacchan! Hello! Shinsou's moving in today." Midoriya smiled shyly, as the bunch of them got closer. "Yeah Bakugo! You're going to have a new neighbour! I already called dibs on Shinsou joining the Bakusquad! Especially after the way he didn't die by your hands in class." Kaminari declared loudly, earning a glare from Uraraka. "No fair! Deku was friends with Shinsou first! Obviously he'll be part of the Dekusquad!" she argued, fingers pointing at Kaminari, who stuck his tongue out at her defiantly.

Bakugou finally acknowledged the group as they came to a stop between him and Shinsou and he glared at every single one of them, thinking over which insults to throw at their heads. Shinsou shook his head, a little embarrassed at being fought over, he shrugged.

"Um. That's nice and all, but I'm not here to make friends." he reminded them and Kaminari shut him up with a finger waving in front of his face. Shinsou blinked at it, a little perplexed before the other started arguing.

"You have no say in it, dude! We're kind of all friends here, so you'll be ours too! If you want to or not." and Shinsou really didn't know

what to say to that so he stayed quiet. Todoroki spoke up next, sighing in compassion. “He’s right. You can’t escape them. Trust me. I speak out of experience.” Shinsou blinked, nodding along automatically before Bakugou made his presence known again.

“The hell are all of you doing here anyway? You’re being fucking loud!” he complained and Sero laughed at him good naturedly. “Bro, we’re helping Shinsou move in. What else would we be doing here?” Bakugou was zeroing in on Sero, who didn’t flinch under his stare like he would have done a year ago. God damn it, they were getting immune to Bakugou’s nature, especially the Bakusquad members.

Shinsou smiled a little shyly, explaining further. “Yeah, they kind of caught me outside of my old dorm and demanded they’d help me get my stuff moved. I couldn’t really shake them, so I just let them follow me.” Bakugou’s head snapped back to the purple haired student, who gave him a lazy smile, something apologetic twinkling in his eyes, which was gone just as quick.

Bakugou huffed, before crossing his arms, retreating back into his room. “Then do so quietly, goddammit. I’m trying to fucking study here.” Midoriya immediately muttered a thousand apologies while Kaminari groaned at the mention of school work. “Dude, it’s the weekend. You always study, do something fun for once.”, he complained loudly, flailing his arms.

“Or you could help us help Shinsou move in.” Todoroki added and Bakugou shot him a look that could kill. “Why the fuck would I do that? I already said I’m studying.” he barked out and Shinsou took that as his cue to involve himself again.

“Because we’d be quicker with another pair of hands? Or maybe because you love me so much? Pick one, I don’t care.” A complacent smirk adorned Shinsou’s face; his eyes holding a challenge as he stared down at the blonde. Bakugou wouldn’t let him get the upper hand.

He willed his blush down before he moved into Shinsou’s personal space, making the other blush lightly in the process. “You fucking wish, eyebags!” he drawled, voice deep and challenging, as he looked up into tired eyes. They were so close, Shinsou could feel the others' breath on his face and to say that he was mildly turned on, was an understatement.

He held his gaze, ignoring the obvious stares they were getting from

their classmates and moved further down toward Bakugou's face, smirking back at him. "What's your answer, sparky?" Two could play that game and Shinsou, who had a naturally deep voice, lowered it further. It had the desired effect on Bakugou, who grew hot under his stare, having a hard time controlling the blush creeping up on him.

"Are you guys seeing what I'm seeing?" Sero whispered, so as to not draw attention to their group. Uraraka gulped a little, nodding her head, but it was Todoroki who answered Sero verbally. "You mean the obvious sexual tenstion between them? Yeah, we're all seeing it." Midoriya choked on his own spit at the same time that Kaminari started full on cackling. "Damn Todoroki, didn't know you had it in you to be so blunt about stuff like this." he whisper-laughed.

"Piss off, Mindfuck, I'll help because, clearly, you got stuck with the most useless bunch. They're just standing there, ogling us." Both Bakugou and Shinsou turned toward their onlookers and Uraraka, Midoriya and Sero had the decency to turn bright red. Todoroki and Kaminari couldn't care less though, the latter whistling at them.

"Hell yeah Bakugou! Let's go! We can all hang out with Shinsou after!" Kaminari led the others inside Shinsou's room, all of them putting their boxes down, before they left to get the rest. Shinsou was taken aback, mumbling after the group tiredly, "I don't want to hang out, though."

He felt a reassuring nudge at his side and instinctively leaned in a little. Bakugou shook his head at the group, who was now out of sight. "You have to get used to it. They're like pests, sometimes, can't really rid yourself of'em." Shinsou sighed a little exasperated before tugging at Bakugou's shirt, moving forward.

"Fuck, I really got roped into helping you." Bakugou huffed, as he managed to grab a jacket while getting pulled along by Shinsou. "Yeah you have. If I have to suffer, the least you can do is show some solidarity and suffer with me." he mumbled and Bakugou snorted fondly at the taller boy, who seemed to grow more tired by the second. "Yeah, fine. Let's go, before you fall asleep standing up, dumbass." Shinsou smiled, the two of them catching up with the others easily.

Seeing as Shinsou was extremely tired, the group, against Kaminari's

wishes, let Shinsou get used to the new surroundings first, promising they would hang out another time. The second they left, Shinsou flopped down head first on his bed, groaning at the exhaustion taking over his body. He heard a small laugh behind him and the click of a door shutting.

“Stop laughing at me.” he mumbled, barely audible through the pillow under his head. He felt a body slump down on the bed, next to him, and felt a rough hand card through his messy hair.

“I can do what the fuck I want. Laughing at your misery is fun.” Bakugou hummed, his voice much softer than when they’d been with the others. Shinsou hummed in acknowledgement, before he rubbed his eyes, turning his head to look up.

“If you say so. Then at least get me some food while you’re laughing at me.” he mumbled, searching for Bakugou’s face. The blonde locked eyes with Shinsou and at his pleading look rolled his own and nodded in defeat. “Fine. I’ll see what I can whip up. If you fall asleep, I’ll kick your ass and eat your food!”

Shinsou smiled up at the other, before moving to sit up, nodding his head. “Alright! I’ll unpack, to keep myself busy then. Don’t take too long, I’m starving!” Bakugou grunted lowly, “The fuck you mean ‘ *don’t take too long* ’ it’s cooking dammit, it takes as long as it takes. Ungrateful fucker”

Bakugou stomped out the room, closing the door quietly behind him. Shinsou smiled at the door, suddenly feeling extremely giddy inside. Aizawa probably made a huge mistake, giving Shinsou the room next to Bakugou’s, but how should he have really known.

Downstairs, Bakugou slid past some of his classmates, who mostly left him alone anyway, except for the usual bunch. Speaking of, Mina practically dashed after him into the kitchen. “What do you want, racoon eyes?” Bakugou noticed her without having to look back and Mina wore the biggest pout. “You’re going to cook and I just know you’re not going to cook for us, *again* !” She got comfortable on a barstool, leaning half her upper body over the counter to stare at Bakugou. “Damn right I’m not! Now scram! I want to cook in peace.”

Did Bakugou mention that his personal group of dumbasses seemed to be getting immune to him? Because Mina didn’t move an inch from her spot across the kitchen. It got worse when Kirishima entered as

well, not a minute later, leaning against the entrance, next to Mina. “Oi, Bakubro! What are you cooking?”

He clearly should be getting paid to live in the dorms with a bunch of needy friends, who thought they could just bug him every minute of the day. “Nothing, shitty hair! Piss off already.”

“OH, you’re cooking Kacchan!” Kaminari’s voice cut through the kitchen as the blonde entered it and jumped to sit on the counter, next to where Mina was leaning over. “DON’T FUCKING CALL ME THAT” Bakugou roared at the intruder, wishing for once that any of these people had some sort of danger sense to them, so they’d pick up on his anger.

“You should cook for all of us!” Kaminari continued, absolutely ignorant to Bakugou’s yelling. “You always cook so well! I’ll even help if you want!” Kirishima cringed very obviously at the offer.

“Absolutely the fuck not! Last time you tried helping, you set the fucking kitchen on fire! Stay the fuck away, dunce face!” Bakugou growled, continuing his cooking adventure, now being watched by the others. Mina and Kaminari started discussing Kaminari’s non-existent cooking skills.

“Would you move from the kitchen already? I need a fucking pot!” Bakugou grumbled as he made his way to the cabinets behind Kaminari’s feet. The other simply threw his legs up so Bakugou could get a pot and the second Bakugou left, he let his legs down again.

“Hey, what’s going on here?” Sero was standing on his toes behind Kirishima, trying to get a look into the kitchen. “Oh Bakugou is cooking. I see.” he smiled, entering the kitchen after Kirishima moved a little to the side.

“He refuses to cook for us! So we’re going to annoy him into doing it anyway.” Mina explained and Sero nodded at her before humming. “One of these days he’s going to throw pans at you.” he mused and Mina pouted at him. “He would never!” She argued and Bakugou took his chance and turned around sharply, ladle in hand, waving it aggressively at the Bakusquad.

“The fuck I won’t! Try me, racoon eyes!” He underlined Sero’s statement by throwing a spoon at the others, which hit Kaminari in the head and got a squeal of surprise out of Mina, who ducked, holding her hands over her head protectively.

“You’re so mean, Bakugou!” she winced, sticking out her tongue at him. Kaminari let out a yelp and held his forehead, which was slightly red in one spot. “That hurt man! Not cool.” Kirishima couldn’t contain his laughter and Sero jumped right in with him, holding his stomach as he laughed.

When the Squad finally let off Bakugou, he concentrated on getting everything ready. In his defence, if he was already making food for two, he could easily make food for six. He shoved a bowl of food at each of his friends, who showered him with love, which he dodged easily.

“BAKUGO, you DO care!” Mina and Kaminari squealed at the steaming hot food in their hands and Kirishima and Sero both thanked him genuinely. They wanted to invite him to eat with them but Bakugou denied, already leaving with two bowls of food, back upstairs, ignoring the questioning stares of his friends.

Shinsou’s door opened and he was greeted with an annoyed looking Bakugou, who was carrying two steaming bowls of rice and loudly declaring, “I’ll never fucking cook for anyone again! Fucking hell.”

Without looking around, Bakugou set the food on the small desk and turned to where Shinsou was sprawled across his bed, looking up at him with such warmth in his eyes, Bakugou’s heart fluttered.

“Aw, what happened? Did they rile you up like always?” Bakugou huffed, flipping Shinsou off, before gesturing to the food. He’d forgotten how much he complained to Shinsou about his friends annoying him, especially when he was cooking. “Fuck you, smartass. Now get up so we can actually eat.”

Shinsou obliged easily, getting himself off of his bed and taking the bowl Bakugou left on the table. “Thanks. It looks really good.” Bakugou hummed, sitting down on the floor and stuffing his face. Shinsou couldn’t help but crack another smile, he seemed to be doing it a lot in Bakugou’s company. He joined the blonde on the ground. They ate in silence and Shinsou could positively say he was in a good place.

Chapter End Notes

Thank you for reading!
Hope you enjoyed the next chapter.

Have a wonderful day, stay safe and healthy!

Kudos, Comments and Bookmarks are always appreciated!

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Chapter 4

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Using his first weekend, Shinsou unpacked all of his belongings into the few shelves and drawers he brought with him. When he finally finished, he flopped down onto his bed, staring up at his ceiling. A smile tugged on his mouth as he stared at the tapestry full of twinkling stars surrounded by woods.

His mother once gifted him that tapestry when he started to be chronically unable to fall asleep. It helped sometimes, as his brain started to get lost in the stars and he'd eventually wake up in the morning, knowing he must have fallen asleep.

He hummed happily as he started skipping through his phone. It was already ten a.m. but he didn't feel like eating, even though he was awake for an hour already. Maybe he'd skip breakfast entirely and just relax by himself. His mother would scold him for not socialising, especially in a new environment, but Shinsou didn't have the energy to indulge his new class.

Another hour passed when a loud knock scared Shinsou so much, he dropped his phone onto his face, groaning at the light pain and shock, he fumbled with his phone before staring straight at red eyes above him. They squinted at him furiously and Shinsou blinked before practically jumping up, almost headbutting Bakugou in the process.

"What the hell?" he blurted and Bakugou huffed, dodging his sudden movement easily. "Get the fuck up already! I know you've been awake for hours, I heard you shuffle around here. Why haven't you left your room yet?"

Sometimes Shinsou felt like Bakugou was good at filling that mother role in the dorms. He'd aggressively tell you to get your shit together so you'd miss the part where he quite obviously cared.

Shinsou huffed, shoving his phone into his pants before crossing his arms defiantly. "'M not hungry." His voice was rough from not speaking all morning and Bakugou shook his head, probably already planning all the ways he could kill Shinsou with nutrients.

"Fucking eat a slice of bread then. You need energy if you want to

survive this class!" Bakugou, out of nowhere, whipped out a mug of coffee and Shinsou never felt more in love with the angry blonde than in that moment. His eyes twinkled as he grabbed for it almost desperately and Bakugou let out a knowing sigh before holding it out of reach.

Shinsou started straight up pouting at him, tired eyes now angry. "Stop that! You hate coffee! It's obviously for me!" Bakugou looked disappointedly at him, before holding the mug high above his head, snapping, "You can have it, if you get up and eat something." Shinsou never felt as betrayed by Bakugou as he did right that second.

He threw up his arms in annoyance and exasperation, pout still evident on his face as he finally scrambled to his feet, slipping into a huge grey hoodie and moving toward his door. "Can I get it now?" he huffed out defiantly, as he showed Bakugou his willingness to leave. Bakugou smirked, closing the distance to shove the mug into the others hands, simultaneously grabbing him by the hoodie and tugging him outside the room.

"Let's go." he mumbled and Shinsou was really questioning how he got to this point with this boy. Not that he minded, since he was very much into Bakugou, but sometimes he wondered why Bakugou had even indulged him back in the library.

They made their way down and Shinsou realised he'd forgotten to put on shoes, his cat socks smiling up at him. Good grief, he already made a fool of himself; not that Bakugou said anything or cared too much about Shinsou's social status in his class.

Some of his new classmates were scattered around the common area. He noticed Midoriya, Uraraka, Tsuyu and Iida sitting around a coffee table, discussing something, possibly hero related, if Shinsou had to take a guess.

On the couch Sero and Todoroki were both reading some sort of manga, Shinsou couldn't quite see, sometimes looking up to talk with the other about something relating to what they were reading. He skipped toward the dining tables where Tokoyami, Jirou and Koda were whispering amongst themselves, phones out and Shinsou noticed headphones around them.

He nodded in greeting at the few faces that looked up from what they were doing when him and Bakugou entered the area. Uraraka waved

with a smile plastered on her face and Sero threw him a peace sign before getting back to his reading. Jirou uttered a small ‘ *Morning* ’ which he returned quietly before he slurped into the kitchen.

Shinsou wasn’t lucky enough to not meet people in the kitchen. Mina was furiously whipping some sort of batter that Shinsou was sure must have been already dead by now. Next to her Kirishima read a recipe, which probably correlated to the batter and Shinsou quickly decided to circle around the two, to get to the fridge.

He almost bumped into someone when he noticed floating clothes and his brain supplied him with the missing name. Hagakure apologised quickly for standing in his way and Shinsou scratched his neck waving her off.

“Oh no, I’m sorry, I didn’t notice you. I should have paid better attention where I was going.” His voice was still a little unsure and not being able to read Hagakure’s expression didn’t help his awkwardness. The girl laughed lightly, moving out of his way while replying, “Oh don’t worry. It’s hard to recognise me without the school uniform.” He nodded along before her shirt sleeve raised, probably waving goodbye to him, as she left the kitchen.

“Don’t worry, you’ll get used to her in no time. All of us had trouble remembering she was around sometimes.” Bakugou whispered somewhere next to him and it let a shiver run down his spine as he nodded, opening the fridge and looking around.

“Um…Is anything in here off limits or…” Shinsou asked as Bakugou grunted, coming up next to him and skipping through the contents of the fridge. “Well everything up top and in the middle is reserved for basic foods the school pays for. Most of us write our names on specific stuff, so anything with that is obviously not for the taking. Not that that would hold back some people here.” he growled lowly before turning away and Shinsou just knew poor Bakugou probably had his food stolen more than once.

“Thanks.” he supplied as a reply before taking out some sort of yoghurt from the top shelf, inspecting it thoroughly before looking around the kitchen to get a spoon. Bakugou snorted at him before shaking his head.

“Oi, shitty hair move to the side, you’re blocking the drawers.” Kirishima turned to Bakugou and Shinsou, smiling so brightly, Shinsou

didn't know how Bakugou put up with the bunch of them together. "Oh hey Bakubro, Shinsou! How are you guys?" he looked so full of energy, Shinsou couldn't help but be jealous of it. Just a quarter of Kirishima's energy would help him through the day.

As the other moved out of the way, Shinsou picked up a spoon and moved back to lean against the counter next to Bakugou, who crossed his arms, scoffing. "I'm pissed. The gyms were closed for fucking monthly maintenance. The dipshit told me I can't get any training done today."

Shinsou, stuffing his mouth full of yoghurt couldn't keep from rolling his eyes at the blonde. He watched as Kirishima looked sympathetically at Bakugou and clapped him on his shoulder in compassion. "That sucks dude. You can use some of my equipment if you like!"

Bakugou merely shrugged before waving him off. "The fuck are you and pinky doing in here anyway?" he shifted topic and Mina skipped over to them, clapping her hands proudly. "We're baking a cake! It'll be super cool and tasty." Shinsou kept his head down as he took another spoon, not able to shatter the girl's enthusiasm with a sceptical look, which he undoubtedly couldn't contain.

"The hell are you baking a cake for?" Bakugou looked genuinely confused and Shinsou found it endearing. So the angry blonde really did care about his *annoying* friends and Shinsou couldn't help but smile lightly.

"A celebratory cake for everyone for surviving first year!" Mina squealed while Kirishima nodded vigorously at them. "Yeah! It was a long and busy year. We deserve it." he exclaimed and Bakugou rolled his eyes before shaking his head.

"What a fucking dumb reason." he huffed and Shinsou elbowed him harshly into his ribs, making the blonde glare up at him. "The hell was that for?" he huffed loudly and Shinsou shrugged, slipping the spoon out of his mouth before wiggling it at Bakugou's face.

"Don't be so mean. It's a perfectly valid reason for cake." he simply explained, smiling back at the energetic duo, who watched the exchange in awe before Mina practically jumped on the spot. "See, Shinsou gets it! Thanks Shin! You're great!" She clapped him on his shoulder and not expecting it, Shinsou stumbled a little forward, nodding along surprised.

“No problem” he mumbled and Kirishima gave him a thumbs up. “You’ll definitely fit right in with us! We’re happy to have you.” and Shinsou couldn’t contain the genuine smile he let out at Kirishima’s words. He knew the boy usually meant what he said.

Bakugou grumbled annoyedly before moving out of the kitchen; Shinsou hot on his heels as he felt like being left by himself he would lose all of his energy to Mina and Kirishima. “Oi, wait up.” he whisper-yelled and Bakugou flipped him off without looking back at him.

Damn him, he was fast. Shinsou strode past the dining tables, almost tripping due to his socks sliding on the floor, before he caught up with Bakugou. “Damn it, you made me come downstairs, you cannot leave me alone!” he whispered angrily and Bakugou merely shrugged at him, turning on his heel and looking up into tired purple eyes.

“I can do whatever I want, eyebags.” Shinsou huffed before crossing his arms. “Fine, next time I won’t come down to eat, then.” Bakugou sucked in a breath as he held his glare. “I won’t bring you fucking coffee to your room.” he countered and Shinsou felt his heart flutter as he groaned.

“You wouldn’t dare” he whispered defeatedly and Bakugou smirked back up at him. “Oh I would” he turned back around, ascending the stairs, turning back to flip Shinsou off one last time for good measure and then he was gone.

Shinsou blinked, grumbling annoyedly at his feet before he felt eyes on him. Sero, Todoroki, Kirishima, Iida, Jirou and Tsuyu were staring at him with mixed expressions and Shinsou just knew he’d be flooded with questions if he stayed a second longer, so he decided to blink back at everyone before dashing after Bakugou.

Weeks passed and Shinsou started to fit in perfectly with class A. He mostly spent his free time in his room; like he did during his first year. The few times he went downstairs for food, he was roped into conversing with Midoriya and his friends. He didn’t mind them, they were at least a little quieter than the Bakusquad; not that the Bakusquad would let him be taken by the Dekusquad.

The second Kaminari realised what was happening, he dragged him to hang out with him and his friends in Kirishima's room. It was just as relaxed as talking with the others and Shinsou found it hard to accept that people actually wanted his company. None of them shied away from talking to him, asking questions and involving him in all their conversations. It was a nice change of pace for him.

A plus that came from hanging out with the Bakusquad was obviously hanging out with Bakugou simultaneously. He was a lot more reserved with the rest of his friends around; not as much as being around the entire class but Shinsou realised quickly that he got to see a completely different side of Bakugou whenever they were by themselves.

Neither Bakugou nor Shinsou necessarily hid that they were hanging out constantly, most of their friends and classmates just didn't seem to realise it. The Bakusquad had even seen them hang out in Shinsou's room, when they noticed Bakugou's was empty.

Kirishima and Sero had raised their eyebrows at the picture of the two hanging out while Mina and Kaminari used it as an excuse to slump right down next to them. That's how Shinsou's room became a Bakusquad hotspot too.

Fridays were reserved for class movie or game nights, which Shinsou was roped into participating at least twice a month. He didn't mind it too much, at least when he managed to get Bakugou to suffer with him.

One of those movie nights, Shinsou was slumped on one of the two person couches; Kaminari leaning against his body, while draping his legs over the armrest and skipping through his phone. Besides Bakugou, Shinsou was probably closest to Kaminari; he really wondered if he was just drawn to loud blondes, who were his opposite in most ways.

Kaminari was probably his new best friend, if he'd go by definition. He was the one who hung out with Shinsou alone most of the time, aside from Bakugou. Shinsou didn't mind Kaminari invading his personal space too much, although he had to get used to it at first. Therefore seeing the two slumped on a couch had become a normal sight.

Bakugou was comfortably sitting on one of the four person couches,

Kirishima squished to his side, making room for Mina, Sero and Todoroki, who was half sprawled across Sero's lap, since there was barely any space left.

Shinsou had come to like Todoroki. The other was just as exhausted by all of the socialising as himself and came over to hang out with the Bakusquad more often, ever since he and Sero started to get really close.

Shinsou could swear the two of them weren't *'just friends'* but he had no proof and it really wasn't his place to pry. Knowing Sero, he'd tell them sooner rather than later if he was dating. Bakugou seemed to be annoyed just by Todorokis existence and Shinsou found it incredibly funny to watch.

He shared a sympathetic smile with Todoroki at the situation of a group hangout and the other nodded back in compassion. The other couches were occupied by Jirou, Momo, Tokoyami, Shoji and Sato; the rest of class A was sprawled on blankets and cushions on the floor. Midoriya and Uraraka occupied the foot space below Shinsou's couch, so there really wasn't any way for him to move.

Shinsou got comfortable, as his classmates chose some action movie which he was fine with, even if it wasn't his first choice. Kaminari tilted his phone toward Shinsou and the other looked back to his side at some cat video fail. He snorted lightly and Kaminari flashed him a wide spread grin before going back through whatever app he was on.

Bakugou rolled his eyes at the chatter before Hagakure exclaimed for everyone to settle down and pay attention. Most of them got quiet, some still on their phone, as the movie started playing.

Kaminari only paid attention to half the movie, shifting his sitting position a couple of times throughout. It was one of the reasons no one liked to sit next to him during movie nights and the only one who put up with his attention deficit ass was Shinsou. Of course he was just as irritated by it sometimes, but he could put up with it easily; it wasn't Kaminari's fault for having adhd after all.

The blonde couldn't stop moving, shuffling his phone multiple times so that Shinsou couldn't concentrate on the movie. A silent sigh escaped him as he unpacked his own phone, lowering the lights on its screen and skipping through it; the movie wasn't that interesting anyway. He skimmed through the room to see if anyone was bothered by his own phone, since Kaminari was already disturbing the overall

movie experience, his phone was so bright, Shinsou couldn't look at it in the dimly lit room.

Some of his classmates either fell asleep already or were watching the movie unbothered; so Shinsou decided it was fine. As he started to look back at his own phone he noticed red eyes glance at him in question.

Bakugou caught his eyes and Shinsou, ever so slightly shrugged as he motioned to where Kaminari had somewhat sprawled his legs over Shinsou's lap, still moving around. He gave Bakugou a small smile, who returned it before moving his own hands up into Shinsou's view, signing to him.

How can you sit next to him during these things?

Shinsou shrugged again, putting his phone down to answer Bakugou.

No one else does. He always looks so sad and I don't mind either way. The movie isn't that interesting anyway.

Bakugou nodded in understanding before answering again, much to Shinsou's surprise; he usually hated being distracted during movie nights, which was why after Bakugou had sat next to Kaminari *once,* he vowed to always take the seat furthest away from him.

I've seen these movies a hundred times by now. If you want a break, we can switch places for the next one.

Shinsou couldn't help but crack a smile at Bakugou's offer. Sometimes he felt that Bakugou was jealous, whenever he hung out with Kaminari, although that could have been his imagination. He always promised that Bakugou was his all time favourite friend to which Bakugou always flipped him off.

It was moments like these where Shinsou was reminded that Bakugou cared, not only about him but also all of his other friends; and no matter what he claimed, Shinsou knew Bakugou counted Kaminari as a friend of his.

I'll get back to you. Thanks for the offer.

They went back to what they were doing and Shinsou nudged Kaminari every once in a while to show him something funny or cute on his phone, to which the blonde always flashed him a grateful and happy smile.

Shinsou had learned quickly that Kaminari put up a huge facade of dumb happy kid who was the life of the party. He realised the other mostly wanted to be accepted and well liked since his adhd was hard to put up with when he was younger and a lot of his old friends turned away from him because of it.

Shinsou didn't mind Kaminari's rambling, crazy topic switches or excitement most of the time. Kaminari was easily happy with someone who'd listen to him and Shinsou was pretty good at listening, feeling no need to contribute to the conversation. It was nice and Kaminari was so genuinely happy about it that it felt contagious and lifted Shinsou's moods a lot of the time.

After another half an hour the movie credits played and Uraraka turned some of the lights back on, moving to put on the next part of the current movie series. Some of their previously asleep classmates woke back up to stretch and get more comfortable.

Shinsou knew that everyone would be fine if the ones who were tired, would leave to go upstairs, but none of them seemed to want to leave movie nights. It was strange to Shinsou but maybe it had something to do with their whole dynamic. Kaminari, as much as he constantly moved around, because he had a hard time staying focused, still wanted to stay and no one *ever* told him to leave.

Shinsou used the small break to stretch his limbs, which were partly numb due to Kaminari sprawling over him most of the movie, in some way or another. Most of his classmates got up to refill drinks and snacks or use the toilet down the hall.

Bakugou used his chance to slip out next to Kirishima who followed his movement, still cradling a sleepy Mina in his other arm. The blonde came to a stop at Shinsou and Kaminari's couch, crossing his arms and looking expectantly between the duo.

Kaminari practically started glowing at Bakugou's presence, smiling brightly, "Hey Bakugo! You want to join us? It's going to get a little cramped though. And… I have a hard time focusing on the movie, I know I've been moving all over the place. You usually don't like that."

Bakugou huffed before shaking his head, tugging Shinsou up to his feet and dropping in his spot next to Kaminari. "I've seen these stupid movies a hundred times. I don't mind." Shinsou laughed lightly before flicking Kaminari's head, smiling down at him. "We're switching places. I enjoy your company; my legs are going numb though. Do you mind our switch? I don't want you to think I don't like sitting next to you."

Kaminari smiled up at Shinsou so genuinely, Shinsou felt terrible for doubting Kaminari would be mad. "I don't mind! I know you don't hate sitting next to me. If you did, you wouldn't show me stuff on your phone or smile at the stuff I show you! I appreciate you putting up with me, Shinsou! Go get some feeling back in your legs. And Bakugou, you're not allowed to blow me up" he smiled between Shinsou and Bakugou before changing positions again.

Bakugou grunted a little offended at the comment. "Fuck off! You know I wouldn't offer to sit here, if I minded, dunce face!" he grumbled and Shinsou snorted, promising to get both of them some more snacks, at which Kaminari's face started glowing.

When he finished supplying his two favourite blondes with food and drinks, he sat down next to Kirishima, who flashed him a big grin. "Hey Shinsou" Mina mumbled and Shinsou smiled, petting her hair in greeting. "S'up guys."

"It's really cool of you guys to keep Kami some company. Before you joined us, he usually sat by himself of his own volition, so he wouldn't annoy any of us. So thanks for sticking by his side and ignoring his complaints about it." Sero mentioned, as he and Todoroki switched places.

"Of course. Kami is my friend and I don't mind." he whispered back and Sero smiled genuinely at him before Todoroki spoke up as well. "How did you get Bakugou to switch with you?" he asked, with

genuine curiosity in his voice. “He offered.” Shinsou supplied and Kirishima looked at him a little surprised.

“Really? Didn’t think he would sit back with Kami. He usually hates being near him during movie nights.” he wondered and Shinsou shrugged, getting comfortable. “He mentioned having seen the series already so he’d switch places with me, so I can watch them a little more focused.” Todoroki tilted his head in thought but seemed to agree with it anyway.

“Most of the time he yells insults, but beneath them he genuinely cares. Especially about all of you guys.” Todoroki pointed between Shinsou and the rest of the Bakusquad and Shinsou couldn’t help but snicker slightly.

“You’ve been hanging out so much with us, you practically count as his friend too! Trust me, he’ll never admit it out loud, but he cares about you too.” Todoroki cracked a small smile at Shinsou before nodding along. “Oh, I keep telling everyone we’re friends, he kind of has no say in it, really.” they shared smirks with one another before the lights were dimmed again and the next movie played.

Chapter End Notes

Thank you for reading!
I hope you enjoyed the chapter.

Peppering in some slight Seroroki because I love them.
Not me enjoying rarepairs more than the usual ones lol.

Anyway I'll see if I'll manage to get another chapter pre-written this weekend, if not, please don't be too disappointed if I won't update next week. I'm writing multiple things and sadly don't have any time to do so during the week.

Have a wonderful day, stay safe and healthy!

Kudos, Comments and Bookmarks are always appreciated!

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Chapter 5

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

The first time Shinsou's crush on Bakugou was addressed by one of their friends was in the locker rooms after quirk training. The Bakusquad was one of the last to leave, except for Bakugou himself, who was already gone, giving Shinsou some sort of stink eye in the process, to which he just put up his middle finger and made a kissy sound at the blonde.

After having watched the interaction, Kaminari spoke up without thinking. "Dude…Are you into Bakugou?" Shinsou spluttered, getting stuck in his shirt in the process and struggling to pull it down without making more of a fool of himself than he already had.

Sero and Kirishima stared at the two wide-eyed, throwing worried glances at one another. Kirishima tried to salvage Kaminari's straightforward approach but Shinsou was faster. "What do you mean?" Kaminari shrugged, pointing to the now empty door and replying, all innocent, "Well, you guys keep flirting with each other like there's no tomorrow. It's hard to miss, you know. And you keep looking after him with this look in your eyes…"

A hand came up behind Kaminari, pressing itself over his mouth, behind him Sero apologetically smiled at Shinsou, Kaminari struggling against him. "So sorry dude! You know Kami has no self control with stuff like this. We don't mean to pry into your life, man." Shinsou appreciated the Bakusquad the more he hung out with them. Todoroki, who was waiting for them nearby, popped his head into the aisle. "He's got a point though, you do look at Bakugou like you're in love." he shrugged, Sero gasping and Kirishima shaking his head disappointedly.

"Todo! You can't just say that!" Sero yelped, letting go of Kaminari's mouth, who dramatically gasped for air and pointed at Sero. "Dude! You don't do that to your friend! I'm deeply wounded." Sero shook his head, now standing between all parties. Kirishima sighed before he turned to Shinsou agan. "So sorry, we tried telling them not to ask you so directly."

So Bakugou and Shinsou had been a topic for their friends to talk

about before, interesting. Shinsou, already accepting he was probably blushing furiously, sighed in exasperation, tying his shoes and speaking up again. “Why are you so interested in this though?” Answering with another question was Shinsou’s forté, he did it all the time, it currently earned him a couple of slumped shoulders by Kaminari and Todoroki and embarrassed look by Kirishima and Sero.

“Man, you can’t always answer questions with another question.” Kaminari pointed out and Shinsou raised a brow at the blonde, knowing Kaminari would get the *‘you guys pried first’* look he was giving him. The blonde ignored it though and Shinsou sighed annoyedly before Todoroki of all people spoke back up, rounding the corner so he was entirely in front of them.

“Well, we’ve been watching you guys go back and forth with one another ever since you joined our class. You guys were weirdly close from the start, which didn’t make sense to most of us. Some of us couldn’t believe you and Bakugou were already friends before you joined the class, but it’s more believable now. I mean, in my eyes, you two could be dating already, with how Bakugou makes you dinner most days and you join him on his study days in the library, *every single time* . Really, all that’s missing is the in between kisses and you’d be a couple like Ashido and Kirishima.”

Kirishima had the audacity to blush but not disagree with what Todoroki was saying and Shinsou realised quickly that he was right. They weren’t really making their hangouts a secret, but that it was fueling more gossip wasn’t something Shinsou had anticipated. Some friends these people were.

“I’m revoking friendship rights!” he grumbled, packing up his stuff and getting up from the bench, moving to the door. He heard a couple of gasps and felt Kaminari grab at him, engulfing him in one of his bone crushing hugs, Shinsou actually liked.

“NO! Shinsou. You can’t! We’re very sorry, please don’t leave us!” Kaminari’s voice was a singular whine and Shinsou couldn’t help but snort at the dramatics, before he felt another arm sling around his shoulder, Sero giving him a genuine smile.

“He’s right! You can’t just get rid of us like that!” Shinsou shook his head before Kirishima smiled at him from the other side. “Yeah, man! You’re part of the squad, you’re not going anywhere!” Todoroki hummed in agreement from his position and Shinsou just knew that they were right again; he wouldn’t be able to not hang out with this

bunch.

“We’ve been friends for a year or so now.”

Sometimes Shinsou underestimated his ability to make jaws drop as he watched all of them stare at him wide-eyed, even Todoroki blinking in surprise. Served them right, if prying was their pastime hobby.

“A *year* ?” Kaminari sounded wounded, like Shinsou had kept a deep dark secret from him. “Yes. You guys never asked before. So if it looks like flirting, we’re really just good friends.” Sero raised his brow in disbelief at the statement. Shinsou knew he himself was probably flirting, he did like Bakugou after all, it was just hard to believe that Bakugou was returning the favour and if he was, Shinsou couldn’t tell.

“Fucking hell, you’ve been hanging out with Bakugou in first year? How? When? Why did we never see you two together?” Kaminari continued, unbothered by the rest of them, still in disbelief at the revelation of early first year Bakugou making friends with Shinsou of all people.

The latter rolled his eyes while all of them left the locker room, moving outside to where their dorm was located. Shinsou adjusted his gym bag over his shoulder as he shrugged. “We met at the library when I was trying to study for a test. Apparently I sat in his personal favourite spot at some desk, not that there are any reserved seats in the library, he’s just that special with his studying.” he recounted and Kirishima gaped a little. “He didn’t kill you that day? Back then he would have blown up anyone for inconveniencing him.”

Shinsou snorted in agreement, Kirishima was certainly right, Bakugou had looked at him like he was ready to blow Shinsou up on the spot; his only saving grace was the library location. Bakugou respected it too much to disturb; although maybe he was just a tiny bit scared of the librarian who didn’t shy back from straight up kicking everyone out and banning them for months.

“Anyway, I offered him the chair opposite mine, since he couldn’t reserve seats and he actually sat down, albeit very angrily. Then some class B kids joined and he got so angry, I told him to chill.” Todoroki nodded his head, “You really say what you think, Shinsou, I respect that.” Sero and Kaminari were surprised for the second time and gaped at Shinsou.

“And he didn’t kill you after THAT?” Kaminari screeched, making everyone shush him afterwards. “No? Fights aren’t to be picked in the

library.” Shinsou simply recounted and now that he thought back, it really was a surprise Bakugou hadn’t immediately kicked his ass outside the library; they had walked to the dorms civilly together.

“Dude, he really must like you, he would have killed any of us, if we did that.” Sero pointed out and for the second time Shinsou blushed deeply, scratching his neck, somewhat nervous and embarrassed. “Whatever, it doesn’t matter. Now you know we’ve been friends for a while. No more questions for now.” Shinsou picked up the pace and practically ran back to their dorms, leaving behind four very confused friends.

The first time Bakugou was questioned about his crush on Shinsou was during dinner preparations for the two of them on a wednesday. Mina and Uraraka were busy making dinner for all the girls when they saw an interaction between Bakugou and Shinsou that had them stop in their tracks.

Shinsou was curled inside his grey cat blanket everyone else was extremely jealous of, half slumped over Bakugou’s shoulder, looking into the pot Bakugou was preparing dinner in. “How long does this take again?” they heard him grumble and Bakugou huffed, swatting at the purple hair sticking out of the blanket. “However fucking long it takes! Get your nasty shallot head out of our dinner already.” Shinsou seemed to oblige, albeit shaking his head an extra amount just to piss Bakugou off some more, who cursed him for getting his hair everywhere.

Shinsou turned around, trudging out of the kitchen. He shared one last glance with Bakugou, who huffed but had something akin to happiness glinting in his eyes, before he nodded at the girls in greeting, leaving the kitchen for his room.

Bakugou turned back around, furiously stirring their dinner, when Mina and Uraraka entered, still blinking at one another, before Mina shared a mischievous grin with Uraraka, coming up next to Bakugou. “Scram.” Bakugou huffed, not as angry or annoyed as they’d expected from him.

“Bakugou, do my eyes deceive me, or have you got it bad for our resident insomniac?” Mina blinked up into red eyes as innocently as

she possibly could; expecting the upcoming slap with the wooden spoon in Bakugou's hand, Mina dodged him gracefully, dancing a few feet away to safety.

"I don't know what you're fucking talking about! Piss off already, I'm using the kitchen." Uraraka smirked, arms crossed as she pointed to the second stove. "Not that you're wrong, we can still use the kitchen when you're cooking though. Also, you haven't answered Mina's question." The blonde turned back to the food, picking some spices from the shelves and furiously dumping them into the pot.

"Are you blushing?" Mina squealed at the red on Bakugou's face, who very angrily whipped around, pointing the wooden spoon at the girls respectively. "FUCK OFF! I don't fucking blush, got it, racoon eyes?!" Mina shrugged, still giggling, Uraraka joining her.

"Right. We're both imagining things, surely." Uraraka grinned and Bakugou let out a gruff hum, returning to his dinner preparations. Unfortunately for him, neither Mina nor Uraraka let the topic or Bakugou for that matter, go and the two girls rested on the counter either side of Bakugou, who felt a vein pop at the intrusion.

"It's two against one here. So tell us, how long have you guys been dating?" Bakugou didn't mean to drop the wooden spoon into the food, sprinkling the entire area in red sauce; the kitchen looking like a murder scene afterward. Mina yelped at the hot liquid hitting her and Uraraka jumped a few feet back.

"The fuck did you say?" his voice was a mere growl, as he slowly turned around, observing the two girls, who had collected themselves again. "You heard her!" Uraraka defiantly pointed out and Bakugou growled again. "First of all, we're not FUCKING dating. Second of all, it's none of your FUCKING business. Stop fucking ruining our dinner! Either start cooking your own one or get fucking lost. This conversation is over."

Mina and Uraraka shared one glance before resuming what they came for in the first place: cooking. The two left Bakugou alone to brood over the suggestion of him and Shinsou dating; not that he hated the thought of it, on the contrary, he'd love nothing less, but Shinsou simply didn't like him like that. Beside him, Mina gasped loudly and Bakugou's head whipped to his side where she was staring at him wide-eyed, pointing her finger at his face.

"I knew it. You *do* like him!" she squealed and Bakugou had enough

brain capacity to hold his palm over her mouth, so she'd quiet down again. "The hell are you talking about?" he whispered before Uraraka chimed in from behind Mina. "You were mumbling out loud."

Shit. There went his cool, untouchable facade of pretending not to care. "I swear if you say a single word to anyone, I'll kill you." he grit out, clenching his jaw tightly as he let go of Mina's mouth. She nodded her head vigorously before motioning for Uraraka to close the door to the kitchen.

The second the clicking sound of the door shutting was heard, Mina practically bounced around excitedly, grabbing Bakugou by the shoulders and looking up at him brightly. "You *like* like him! Tell us everything! You might as well now that you slipped up." Bakugou huffed annoyedly, massaging his temple before he returned to his food, stirring it before turning the heat down.

"Alright. Fucking fine. You promise not to talk to anyone about this? I'm serious." Bakugou looked vulnerable and Uraraka moved next to him, leaning against his side, arms resting on the counter, nudging him. "Of course. I promise not to talk to anyone except you about it!" She looked up at Bakugou with her big brown eyes, determination and honesty shining brightly and Bakugou knew she was being serious.

Mina nodded as well, hand on her heart and one held high. "I promise, too! I won't even tell Ejirou! You have my word! This will stay between us. We won't even talk about it, if you're not there!" Mina swore to him and Bakugou, being friends with the pink girl for a while now, knew she wouldn't do anything to expose or hurt his feelings.

If Mina was known for anything, then it was being extremely serious about her friends' feelings. Of course she had a loud mouth and blabbered most of the time, but if something could potentially hurt her friends, she would do the absolute most, not to spill anything.

Bakugou sighed before nodding along, mumbling, "Shinsou and I have been friends for a year now… Kind of happened to like the bastard. I don't think he likes me like that, though." Pink hair wiggled up and down and Bakugou looked down to where Mina was angrily waving her finger around. "Absolutely blind and hopeless. Really, Baku, you should be happy Uraraka and I were around to witness your hopeless behaviour. Clearly you didn't just see the way Shinsou looked at you when he left."

Bakugou blinked confusedly at the girl before huffing in defiance and turning back to his food, angrily stirring it. Uraraka next to him leaned further back on the counter, so she was in Bakugou's field of vision again. "She's right, you know. Shinsou looked like he wanted to kiss you goodbye, but didn't know if that was a good idea. He definitely likes you back!"

Bakugou wanted to leave, crawl under the blanket in his room and lock the door, so he wouldn't have to talk about his feelings with pinky and roundface, who were both waiting for Bakugou to say something.

"You made that assumption based on one look. He's just tired, not into me." Mina pouted at being dismissed this easily; continuing their own dinner preparations, the girls got quiet and Bakugou thought they'd accepted it and moved on. He was wrong. "What if we get Shinsou to tell us he likes you! He'll confess to you and then you two can go from awkwardly dancing around each other, to being hopelessly in love out in the open."

The explosion that went off in the kitchen alarmed everyone around the dorm and Bakugou had to explain to a tired and disappointed Aizawa how he accidentally blew up his dinner. Shinsou offered to order take-out, which he'd collect at U. A's entrance for them and Bakugou took his offer gratefully, hiding in Shinsou's room from the others.

Three months into their second year Shinsou went on an underground mission with an underground hero, who he was studying with. They managed to apprehend most of the villains until Shinsou stumbled over the founder of the organisation, who unfortunately for Shinsou, was mute. He overwhelmed the student and Shinsou took a punch to his throat during their fight, damaging his vocal cords in the process and rendering his quirk useless. The underground hero managed to apprehend the villain though and rescue Shinsou.

Due to his injuries, Shinsou was taken to Recovery Girl, who told them his vocal cords would recover after her healing. He had to stay with her for another couple of days and the second his classmates were informed over his absence, Bakugou had jumped up and left the room, earning worried glances by all of his friends, knowing ones by

Mina and Uraraka and an exasperated sigh by Aizawa.

Bakugou had been to Recovery Girl's plenty of times already, he knew the way like the back of his mind. Without knocking, he slammed open the door, rushing through the room. Recovery Girl scolded him for his loud behaviour, but Bakugou didn't care. He came to a stop at Shinsou's hospital bed, where he was scrolling through his phone, only looking up at Bakugou when the other had stopped stomping around.

They blankly stared at one another before Bakugou took in a deep breath, preparing to yell, probably words of worry and frustration, when Shinsou held up his hand at him, effectively shutting him up.

I know what you're going to say. Don't. I'm fine.

Bakugou let out a furious breath, before he calmed down enough to answer Shinsou, still standing at the end of his bed, signing quickly in reply.

You're not fucking fine. Don't you dare lie to me!

Shinsou cracked a weak smile, before he patted the end of his bed and Bakugou finally moved, slipping out of his shoes and crawling under the blanket at Shinsou's feet, pushing them aside to make space. There they sat, opposite one another, staring into each other's eyes and Shinsou moved his hands again.

Thank you for coming to see me.

Bakugou nodded, his previous anger and worry finally dissolving and looking at Shinsou with something akin to gratefulness. He let out a tiny smirk, only Shinsou got to see and answered him.

I was worried about you. How are you feeling?

Tired purple eyes blinked, Shinsou smiling warmly at the blonde, who looked just as tired as him. He slid down the big pillow, getting comfortable before he shrugged, signing to Bakugou a lazy reply.

Sore. I feel like a truck hit me. Which it didn't, don't worry. My vocal cords got damaged. I'm basically useless for a couple of weeks. Recovery Girl healed most of the damage, but some stuff has to heal by itself.

Bakugou nodded along, signing back to Shinsou, pushing his feet away again in the process.

Alright. Well, good thing you know sign language, right. I'll get you the notes on this week's lessons.

Shinsou croaked out half a snort, before he held his throat, pain filling his features as he waved it off.

How are you going to get me notes, when you're here, comforting me, instead of class.

Crossing his arms defiantly, Bakugou shrugged before speaking up. "I'll manage to get the rest then. I'll see you during lunch and after school. You better rest, or I'll personally make you!" Shinsou smirked back, shaking his head before answering.

I'd like to see you try.

A huff was the only reply he got, before Recovery Girl swatted the curtains away, yelling at Bakugou to let Shinsou rest already. The blonde nodded at Shinsou, telling him to make sure he was sleeping and promised to come over the next day.

When Bakugou returned to his class he was scolded by Aizawa for leaving in the middle of his lesson and asked a thousand questions from his and Shinsou's friends, who were all very concerned about him. Bakugou gave everyone a curt run down on Shinsou's wellbeing, effectively shutting everyone up.

Bakugou had indeed worried about Shinsou the second the other hadn't answered him. When Aizawa told them about Shinsou's injuries, Bakugou felt nauseous and had to personally make sure Shinsou was alright.

The following day Bakugou stood at Shinsou's hospital bed on time for lunch. He brought Shinsou home cooked, easy to swallow food, as he sat down next to him and went through all of his notes on their morning lessons.

Shinsou, slurping his noodles quietly, appreciated Bakugou's enthusiasm. He was sure that Bakugou's visits helped with his recovery, if only mentally. Putting his chopsticks down, Shinsou tapped the table in between them and Bakugou looked back up at him.

Whatever Shinsou wanted to say, or sign in this case, died down as he looked into red eyes, tired but determined, looking at him full of worry and maybe something close to love, which he couldn't quite pinpoint.

Bakugou seemed to say something, probably asking Shinsou if he was alright, but Shinsou felt overwhelmed with the sudden urge to just get over this stupid crush and kiss the angry bastard that was wasting away his lunch time to help Shinsou not fall behind in class.

He blinked, opening his mouth before dumbly closing it again; he really wasn't sure if this was a good idea. He shook his head violently, earning a concerned but also irritated glare from Bakugou.

Without thinking about it, he started moving his hands and Bakugou's eyes travelled from his eyes to his hands, watching what he was saying.

Can I kiss you?

Bakugou blinked, perplexed by Shinsou's request, who turned bright red in the process, extremely embarrassed. Without waiting for a reply from Bakugou, Shinsou immediately shook his head and his hands in a way to take back his question before he decided enough embarrassment for today and buried his still beet red face in his hands.

A tap on the table but Shinsou still didn't look up. Another tap, this time on Shinsou's shoulder; he still didn't move. The third tap was on his hair, soft and light, turning into small pets and Shinsou couldn't help himself as he finally looked back up into soft red eyes, so warm, he could drown in them.

Finally having his attention again, Bakugou leaned back and answered Shinsou's question.

Fuck yes! Get to it, eyebags.

Shinsou blinked, trying to replay the signs he'd seen in his head, so he wouldn't misinterpret them.

Really?

Bakugou apparently had enough; he rolled his eyes dramatically before pulling Shinsou close, staring straight into purple eyes. He smirked, trying to build up confidence, but Shinsou knew Bakugou by now pretty well to realise he was just as nervous as himself.

They met halfway, Shinsou's chapped lips smashing against Bakugou's soft ones and Shinsou wondered how he did it sometimes; maybe he used chapstick, he should borrow it next time.

Their first kiss was shy and a little clumsy but Shinsou wouldn't trade

it for the world. His smile was so big, when they turned apart, he was sure it looked comical.

“Racoon eyes and Roundface were right.” Bakugou let out, not breaking eye contact with Shinsou, who blinked surprised, sending him a questioning look. Continuing his explanation, Bakugou shrugged. “They said you clearly liked me back and I told them that you’re probably tired, you’d never like me the way I like you.”

The blonde realised far quicker than anticipated what he had said and Shinsou felt so giddy, he was sure he’d explode any second now. Before Bakugou could go into his usual defensive mode, he grabbed the others hands, squeezing them, before kissing Bakugou again.

This time their kiss lasted longer, they started exploring each other with hands and tongues and Shinsou felt like flying. Bakugou didn’t fare any better, he was drowning in Shinsou’s embrace, not able to free his own hands from the other’s body. He’d wanted this for so long, now that he finally had it, he couldn’t stop.

A minute or so and Shinsou broke free, the need for air pressing at his lungs. Both of them were panting furiously and Shinsou’s face was flushed, Bakugou taking pride in being the one who had this kind of effect on the other.

Shinsou fumbled with his hands, disentangling them from Bakugou’s hair, signing to him.

I like you, too! So much, you have no idea.

A grin, genuine and full of love spread over Bakugou’s face as he leaned forward and embraced Shinsou, head in the crook of his neck, he breathed out. “Tell anyone about this and you’re dead.” Shinsou snorted at the whispered threat, that sounded so weak, it couldn’t even insult him. “Alright” he whispered back, his voice barely audible due to its injury.

“Hey, want to try this? You know… the whole dating thing… If you’d like of course. I still can’t believe you’d want me…” Bakugou’s voice turned sad and Shinsou blinked, pulling away from him, so he could look into Bakugou’s eyes. He shook his head disappointedly before furiously starting to sign.

Bakugou Katsuki! I like you so much! I feel so happy and in love with you, it almost makes me sick. I would be fucking honored to date you! I'd love to be your boyfriend and do sappy, silly lovey dovey stuff with you, just as much as I love ranting to you, teasing you or insulting others with you! Please don't think you're not lovable, because I will punch you!

Tears were forming in Bakugou's eyes, who blinked them away immediately before he smirked at Shinsou, sticking his tongue out at him, eyes all soft and full of love. "You're so sappy. It's disgusting." Shinsou snorted, rubbing Bakugou's hands while smirking back at him.

And you're a bitch.

The two stared each other down before Bakugou started laughing lightly, affecting Shinsou in the process, who gasped for air as he silently laughed.

But you love this bitch.

Shinsou snorted, standing up and practically slumping back down on Bakugou's lap, entangling himself around the blonde, who hugged him tightly. Shinsou smiled into Bakugou's hair before whispering. "I do love you." Bakugou squeezed him tightly in response.

They completely forgot about the time and when Aizawa went to collect Bakugou and give him detention, he saw the two tightly embracing one another on Shinsou's hospital bed, fast asleep. A deep sigh escaped him and he quietly left, waving goodbye at Recovery Girl. Detention could wait just this once.

Chapter End Notes

Thank you for reading!
I hope you enjoyed the second to last chapter!

I loved writing these two and I will do an epilogue for the last chapter.
Thank you guys so much for all the love this story has received.
I hope you're all doing well!

Have a wonderful day, stay safe and healthy!

Kudos, Comments and Bookmarks are always appreciated!

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P.S: If anyone has any sfw prompts, feel free to let me know through my socials above or a comment here. I'd love to further practice my writing and do more one-shots!

Epilogue

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

At first not much changed between Shinsou and Bakugou when they'd started dating. They chose not to tell their friends immediately since they wanted to take things slowly and knew their friends' questions wouldn't be helpful with that.

One of the things Shinsou realised was that they had been practically dating already. They still watched movies together and went out for dinner. The only difference was that they were always touching somehow; either by holding hands, touching shoulders or legs or straight up cuddling.

Certain touches became second nature to them; Bakugou had started combing through Shinsou's hair whenever they were in either one's room, Shinsou resting his head on his lap. Shinsou on the other hand had started to always rub over Bakugou's fingers, mostly absentmindedly, whenever they were sitting close to one another and Bakugou didn't need his hands.

Though they didn't tell their friends, Shinsou still rubbed Bakugou's hands whenever the Bakusquad hung out and the two were sitting close to one another. No one commented on it and so neither Bakugou or Shinsou were made aware of the habit.

It became a back and forth, Shinsou and Bakugou being more casually touchy with one another during group hangouts and their friends separately trying to get them to finally confess to one another.

One afternoon, all of them were hanging out in the common rooms, studying around the small coffee tables. Kirishima was mumbling something with Kaminari, trying to figure out some of the maths problems they were given. Mina, Todoroki and Sero were writing their English essays.

Bakugou skipped through his upcoming presentation he prepared for heroic history class; he was sitting between Mina and Kirishima, Shinsou opposite him, between Kaminari and Sero, was going over his quirk training plan.

Shinsou got restless, trying to figure out how to better use his voice changer in order to get people to answer him. He ruffled his hair, clicked his pen onto the table quickly and Bakugou looked up at the nervous manner, which started distracting him.

To not disturb their friends' studying, Bakugou tapped the papers, Shinsou was blatantly staring at, the latter looking up in reply. Putting his cards down, Bakugou started signing.

What the fuck is your problem?

Shinsou sighed in exasperation, picking up his sketch paper to hold it out for the blonde to see. Grabbing the paper out of Shinsou's hands, Bakugou looked them over, brows furrowed in thought. Shinsou tapped the table in front of Bakugou, who looked up expectantly.

I'm figuring out some changes in my support items for better usage. I'm just stumped right now.

Bakugou hummed, before turning his attention back to the paper at hand, leaving Shinsou with nothing to occupy himself with. He eyed the other attentively and didn't realise he was staring at Bakugou's head before he got nudged by Kaminari next to him.

"Dude." he whispered into Shinsou's ear, who turned bright red, blushing profusely before hushing the other, "Shut up." Kaminari only shook his head. "You're being so obvious!" he whispered and Shinsou shushed him again, hand clasped tightly over the blonde's mouth, drawing the attention of his study partner Kirishima. The redhead looked between the two and Kaminari very obviously nodded between Shinsou and Bakugou, drawing a dramatic eye roll from the former.

Kirishima coughed and Shinsou had the feeling this would get extremely embarrassing for them extremely quickly, so he let go of Kaminari, who dramatically gasped for air. The three of them had successfully drawn everyone's attention and Shinsou face-palmed himself the second Kaminari jumped up, looking a little overwhelmed before shouting:

“Shin, Kiri, quick meeting over at the kitchens!”

This was it, his certain doom; he wished the ground would open up and swallow Shinsou whole, so he wouldn’t have to deal with the situation. And all because he stared at his boyfriend in public, it was ridiculous.

Kirishima, though he cringed, was a righteous friend, immediately getting up and giving Kaminari a well meant thumbs up for his immaculate plan. Everyone else blinked in confusion and Shinsou finally dragged himself up, regretting most of his friendship choices.

If it had only been the Bakusquad who witnessed the strange scene, it wouldn’t have been so embarrassing, but some of their other classmates and friends were gathered around the common area, too, giving their trio a strange look.

Bakugou caught Shinsou’s eyes in a questioning look and Shinsou quickly shrugged his shoulders while rolling his eyes lightly and Bakugou couldn’t contain the huff escaping him. Shinsou followed Kirishima and Kaminari to the kitchen where they immediately closed the doors behind him.

“What was that about?” Mina spoke up, her brows raised in question and Sero shrugged, knowing full well what this was about. Bakugou huffed, shaking his head before taking Shinsou’s pen and scribbling onto his papers.

“Who knows what shitty hair, dunce face and eye bags have to whisper about. I couldn’t care less.” Bakugou huffed, earning an eye roll from Mina and a look from Todoroki, who’d seen the way Bakugou had stared after Shinsou.

“Right.” Sero hummed, going back to his English essay. “Anyway, I think I’m done with my essay.” Mina’s attention was drawn back to their tasks at hand, as she instructed them to switch papers and correct any mistakes. Bakugou went back to his own presentation, returning Shinsou’s papers to their previous spot.

Back in the kitchen, Shinsou glared at Kirishima and Kaminari, whisper-shouting at the two. “How much more obvious could you have been?” Kaminari held up his hands in surrender before

explaining. “Man, we have to do something about your crush! You’re being so obvious about it, everyone can see.” Kirishima nodded at Kaminari’s words, pointing at Shinsou.

“He’s right, you’re blatantly staring at him. Now I’m sure Bakubro doesn’t mind but he’s clueless and it’s painful to watch.” Shinsou wondered if Bakugou would be mad at him for outing their relationship if it meant saving him from the well-meant but terribly executed advice by Kirishima and Kaminari.

He liked the two and they were good friends of his, Kaminari even his best friend, but they were terrible at keeping *anything* on the down low. “Whatever I’ve been doing wasn’t nearly as obvious as you two just now!” he pointed out to them and Kirishima shook his head.

“Nah, bro, you’re always obvious. Everyone’s already forgotten about us.” Shinsou wished his quirk was teleportation, so he could escape this absolutely unnecessary and embarrassing conversation.

Pinching the bridge of his nose, Shinsou closed his eyes and counted to ten in order to calm himself down. “You could write him a letter” Kaminari chimed in unfoundedly and it earned him some exasperated looks by both Kirishima and Shinsou, although the former jumped quickly onto the bandwagon.

“You know what, that’s not a bad idea!” Shinsou gave up completely, shaking his head as he opened the door and left the two to discuss their plan for Shinsou to confess to his boyfriend. He looked positively riveted and when he returned to his seat, he practically crashed down to the floor, taking in a deep breath, earning a few concerned looks from his friends. Bakugou raised his brow in question and Shinsou ground his teeth before signing.

I’m this close to killing them both.

Bakugou’s eyes got wider at that but before he could reply, Shinsou added to it.

Don’t ask.

The blonde immediately put his hands down, nodding before going back to his presentation. Shinsou blatantly ignored the others, including Mina's very obvious and concerned "Are you okay". Maybe it was time for new friends, he thought, before he packed up his notes and excused himself.

Kirishima and Kaminari arrived a second later, watching Shinsou leave the common area. "What the hell did you two say to him?" Sero asked what Bakugou was thinking. "Nothing. I don't know what's gotten into him, promise." Kaminari shrugged and Bakugou had to hold himself back from smacking the other.

The second time someone tried to ' *help* ' them figure their stuff out, was two weeks later, when their class was allowed to use the pool for training. Half of their class was already changed and using the pool's, while the rest was still changing.

Bakugou was one of the last boys to leave the changing rooms, as he had to stay behind after their last lesson, to talk with Present Mic. When he finally made his way to the pool he watched his classmates splash around, clearly missing the "training" part of the deal.

His eyes skipped over the overall scene before he stopped at wet purple hair, coming up out of the pool. Shinsou was pulling himself up on the side of the pool, water dripping down as he got out, shaking his head like a wet poodle.

Bakugou felt even hotter than before, his mouth stood open and it took a heavy nudge to his side for him to close it and gulp down the extra saliva that had formed. "Damn Bakugou, stop drooling, someone'll see you!" Uraraka stood next to him, giving him the biggest smirk, Mina coming up next to her, a hand over her eyes to shield them from the sun.

"Ooh. I get it, Baku, he's a *snack* ! You should totally do something about your very obvious crush. Lucky for you, Shinsou didn't see you gape at him so openly just now." Bakugou huffed, turning his eyes away from his boyfriend before he glared at the two girls next to him.

“Shut it. I didn’t gape.” His defence was weak and all three of them knew it. Uraraka shrugged, before moving to where the rest of their class was having fun. “We could push you inside the pool, you pretend to drown and Shinsou comes up to save you. Bam! You kiss him to show your gratitude! The rest you’ll please take elsewhere! Too much PDA for the pool!” Bakugou threw his sunscreen after a running Uraraka, who turned her head to stick her tongue out at him. He was yelling profanities and some of their friends turned to look at the scene.

Mina was helping Uraraka as she tried holding Bakugou back, riling him up, in the process. “Bakuuuu, you’re being very uncool!” Mina squealed and he turned his head sharply to her. “Piss off! You’re being stupid!” he growled and immediately stumbled after Mina let go of his arm.

Feeling his feet slip out from under him, Bakugou knew he’d crash into the ground and it would probably hurt a lot. He cursed at the girls, flailing his arms uselessly. Having accepted his fate, he was surprised to feel a wet arm snake around his waist, catching him.

“You okay?” He blinked up into tired purple eyes, turning bright red before huffing out a quick, “Yeah, thanks”. Mina and Uraraka giggled from a few feet away and Bakugou, now standing back up, looked at Shinsou apologetically.

He turned around sharply, dashing after the now squealing girls, who were making a run for it. “COME BACK HERE!” was all everyone heard as they watched Bakugou chase after the girls, who hid between their friends.

“Sometimes I wonder what’s up with them.” Kirishima mumbled as he watched Bakugou threaten the two girls a few feet away. Shinsou all but shrugged before turning back around to get something to drink. “Who knows, but I certainly couldn’t care less.” he replied and that was enough for Kirishima to also turn away from the scene.

Bakugou calmed down enough after a few minutes and stayed clear of Mina and Uraraka for the rest of their pool time. Shinsou wanted to ask if he was alright, but Bakugou kept his gaze down most of the time, so he opted to wait it out and ask when they were back at their dorms.

As close as Bakugou and Shinsou were, they'd quickly turned into class A's favourite pastime gossip. None of the Bakusquad initiated it; they all kept their respective promises, no it was none other than Momo who after watching the two for a while, wondered out loud:

"Bakugou and Shinsou are really close. Shinsou's the first person I've seen that's this close to Bakugou." Jirou, Tokoyami and Shoji all looked at Momo and then at the two in question. "Not that you're wrong; I didn't peg you for a gossiper." Jirou murmured and Momo turned red, waving her arms around strongly in disagreement.

"I'm not, really! I just…I just observed them. Not on purpose or anything. I was just wondering." Jirou snickered before leaning back, waving her hand dismissively. "It's fine. Actually I've been wondering about this too. Might have to ask Kami about it, he's close to both of them."

Tokoyami hummed before returning to his music, but not without commenting, "I'm sure they're probably dating." Shoji raised his eyes a bit at that. "Really? How come?" he asked and Jirou leaned her head onto her hand, looking at Tokoyami expectantly.

The boy shrugged, looking back up at the two. "Bakugou is a pretty closed off person. He doesn't like physical touch in general, it's pretty obvious. However, Shinsou has always been the exception. He's always just casually touched Bakugou or invaded his personal space. Aside from the fact he's been able to rile Bakugou up without fearing for any repercussions."

All four of them stared at the two who were hanging out with the rest of the Bakusquad nearby, sitting extremely close, knees and shoulders touching. "Hm. You might be right." Shoji nodded before all four of them resumed their previous tasks at hand.

The gossip travelled from there, making its rounds and everyone had wondered whether Bakugou or Shinsou were dating at least once.

Shinsou realised what was going on soon after and finally addressed it to Bakugou one night. They were sprawled over Shinsou's bed, each doing their own thing on their phone when Shinsou spoke up.

"Did you know they talk about us?" Bakugou looked down at the boy in his lap, raising his brows before he huffed, returning to his phone. "Let them talk. They always talk." Shinsou snorted before he shook his

head in Bakugou's lap.

"No, I mean they talk about you and me dating." Bakugou looked back down into purple eyes, which were twinkling up at him. "I don't care." he grumbled though he didn't return to his phone. Shinsou laughed at that before turning onto his stomach, off of Bakugou's lap.

"During gym class last time I heard Aoyama talk about us to Iida and Asui. They're discussing our dating situation." Bakugou rolled his eyes before waving his hands dismissively. "So what, I already said I don't care. It's not like the stupid extras didn't try to get me to confess to you, too."

Shinsou blinked before sitting up, finger pointing at Bakugou, "WHAT?" he shouted, Bakugou shushing him while simultaneously throwing him a glare. "What do you mean *'what'* ?" Shinsou took a deep breath. "They knew you like me?" Bakugou shrugged. "Well… It was by accident. I told Pinky and Roundface while I was cooking dinner for us. You left and apparently looked like you liked me. They questioned me about it and it slipped out. They'd been trying to get me to confess to you for a while now."

Purple eyes widened before Shinsou toppled over laughing, angering Bakugou in the process. "Oh my god! I thought I suffered, but Mina and Ochaco trying to give *you* advice sounds worse!" Bakugou growled before throwing his pillow at Shinsou, who didn't see it coming, an *oof* escaping him in between laughs.

"What do you mean, 'you suffered', huh?" Shinsou blinked up, hugging the previously thrown pillow tightly. "Remember Kirishima and Kaminari that one time? I was staring at you, after you started looking over my papers and they made me aware of it. Actually, they first called me out on my crush on you after gym class once, before we started dating."

Bakugou face-palmed himself before shaking his head. "Of fucking course, that's just typical. Can't believe they tried to help you with a confession… How'd it go?" Shinsou snorted before he shrugged. "Kami offered the great advice of writing you a letter."

Bakugou actually laughed at that. "Well Roundface planned to push me into the pool and have me drown so you'd save me." Shinsou blinked, breaking out into full on laughter, heaving for air.

"I knew you suffered worse than me." Bakugou huffed as he got comfortable again, throwing another pillow at Shinsou's laughing

frame, who caught it this time. “For what it’s worth, I would have saved you! Drowning or not!”

Looking back up, Shinsou expected the outstretched middle finger and started laughing again.

Class A found out Shinsou and Bakugou were officially dating, when Eri came to visit them during class. Shinsou had spent a lot of time with the kid, since he’d been training under Aizawa, who was Eri’s official guardian for the time being.

They’d spent a lot of their break time together and Shinsou started teaching her sign language because Eri loved being able to speak with her hands, since she didn’t like talking out loud, it helped her a lot while she adjusted to her new life.

So during class one day, Eri sat at the front table, drawing some pictures while Aizawa did his lesson. They’d paired up into groups of four, Shinsou and Bakugou in different groups sat perfectly in each other's field of vision. One thing led to another and the two started subtly signing at one another.

At first, Bakugou had complained about his group, since he had to drag Mina and Kaminari, who were their academically weakest classmates, along. Shinsou had told him to not be so mean to their friends and signed how he’d rather string along those two than work with Midoriya, who was constantly mumbling and Koda, who wasn’t speaking at all, while hearing Kirishima hum in agreement with everything.

Not an ounce of sympathy was conveyed to him by Bakugou, so Shinsou had easily started insulting him, which Bakugou loved to return. At some point Shinsou had rolled his eyes so hard, Bakugou was sure they’d get stuck in the back of his head.

Shinsou then complained, how Bakugou was a terrible boyfriend, not sympathising with his situation, while Bakugou returned the favour by flipping him off, including an eye roll and Shinsou only smirked, sticking his tongue out at him.

It was then that Eri spoke up for the first time, eyes innocently wide as

she asked out loud: “You never told me you had a boyfriend, Hito-san!” Shinsou and Bakugou shared one horrified look in realisation, everyone else’s attention immediately on the small child at the front of the class, who was expectantly looking at Shinsou.

“Um.” was all the purple haired student managed before Eri pointed her colouring pen at him accusingly. “That’s breaking your promise not to have secrets from me!” Shinsou didn’t know what to say, fortunately Bakugou recovered from his shock to yell at him instead.

“Did you fucking teach her sign language?” Bakugou looked at Shinsou incredulously and Shinsou didn’t know if he should be proud of Bakugou’s incredible deduction skills in a mere few seconds or angry with the blonde for basically confirming everything.

Everyone turned from Eri to Bakugou, who was standing now, hands on the table, angrily staring at Shinsou on the other end of the classroom. Aizawa had given up on anything and with a loud exasperated sigh, he pulled up the zipper to his sleeping bag, ignoring the upcoming chaos.

“I might have, so what? I didn’t think she’d go around exposing us…” he mumbled, hands held high in his defence as he leaned back in his chair, holding Bakugou’s glare. “Why the fuck didn’t you tell me, eye bags?!” That was a good point, Shinsou forgot to tell Bakugou he’d taught Eri sign language; it just didn’t come up.

“Fair point. I’m sorry…Now you know though.” he smirked and Bakugou face palmed himself, one hand on his hip, shaking his head. “Un-fucking-believable. I’m dating a dumbass.” he huffed and Shinsou snorted in response. “Yeah right, *I’m* the dumbass.”

As soon as their bickering died down, Kaminari was the first one to finally react. “YOU GUYS ARE WHAT?” Everyone started to chatter, Shinsou and Bakugou being bombarded with questions or congratulations; Mina and Uraraka scolding Bakugou for not telling them, while Kaminari whined at Shinsou for being mean about his confession plans, when he didn’t even need any to begin with.

After everyone had settled down, Aizawa finally returned to his class, unzipping his sleeping bag and turning back to the board; dropping his own comment:

“I’ve known since Shinsou’s hospital stay two months ago.” Aizawa, a sly smile on his lips, ignored the impending chaos that was class 2-A; it was the least Shinsou and Bakugou had to endure, since they’d been

causing Aizawa headaches for half a year now without actually doing any of their detentions.

Once they finally survived that day, Shinsou felt like some weight had been lifted off of his shoulders and he walked back to their dorms, shoulders bumping into Bakugou's. The blonde huffed and Shinsou felt the other's pinkie curl around his own. A smile tugged on his lips as the two started holding hands, so casually it felt normal to him.

"I like your hands." Shinsou dropped out of nowhere and Bakugou blushed furiously at the comment, turning his gaze toward their linked hands. "I'm serious. They really were what started this whole thing." To emphasise, Shinsou lifted their joint hands up in the air and Bakugou scowled before he turned away, hiding his face from his boyfriend.

"You're so sappy." he huffed and Shinsou shrugged, placing a small kiss onto Bakugou's hand before lowering them again to their sides. "Pff. Says the big softy who cooks dinner everyday and tells me how much he loves me." Bakugou huffed, pulling his hand out of Shinsou's, picking up the pace.

"Screw you, eyebags!" Shinsou gawked after him, before running to catch up. "I'd like to see you try!" Shinsou yelled after him, getting the middle finger in return from the blonde. Heaving, Shinsou stopped a few feet away from Bakugou, who was just outside the dorm's entrance, waiting for Shinsou to catch up.

The latter was panting, standing bent over, propping one hand on his knee while his other was outstretched in front of him, signalling Bakugou to wait. The blonde snickered at the sight before tapping his foot impatiently.

Shinsou looked back up, still half bent over and saw Bakugou sign to him very clearly.

You're so slow. I thought you trained daily?

A smug grin accompanied Bakugou's sentence and Shinsou huffed before finally stretching back to his full height, signing lazily.

Not everyone's called Bakugou Katsuki, god of stamina and good looks.

Bakugou laughed loudly, a triumphant grin on his face.

Come on. I'll cook you dinner like a god's.

Sometimes Shinsou regretted boosting Bakugou's ego but it was times like these, where he loved him even more for his confidence. He smiled, still panting a little before signing a reply.

Thank you!

You're welcome.

I love you!

Bakugou blinked at the last thing Shinsou signed to him and the taller boy turned bright red, as he sped past Bakugou, embarrassed at having told him so openly. He didn't even get inside when Bakugou held him back by his wrist, turning Shinsou around to him. Determination and love were mixed on Bakugou's face as he replied:

I love you!

Shinsou turned so red he basically dropped into the crook of Bakugou's neck, hiding there while the other hugged him back with all of his strength. They stood like this for another second, before Bakugou finally took Shinsou's hand again, dragging him inside.

Bakugou was glad that back in his first year, he'd learned that Shinsou Hitoshi knew sign language; it'd become his favourite language to speak with his favourite person!

Chapter End Notes

Thank you for reading!
I hope you enjoyed the epilogue of my little BakuShin story!

I had a lot of fun writing them, thank you guys for all the positive feedback I've received! I'll hope to write more, but it might take a little while!
Thank you for coming on this small journey with me and I hope you liked this as much as I did.

I hope you have a wonderful day! Stay safe and healthy!

- Izzy

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